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# GRACE AND APOSTLESHIP :

ILLUSTRATED IN

## THE LIFE OF JUDSON.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BEFORE THE MARY-  
LAND UNION ASSOCIATION, NOV. 5, 1851.

WITH AN ADDRESS ON MISSIONS.

✓  
BY R. W. CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "A PURE CHRISTIANITY THE WORLD'S ONLY HOPE," ETC. ETC.



Philadelphia :

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY,  
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE delay which has taken place in the publication of the following pages may be laid to the account of their author's unwillingness to risk the charge of doing an injury while seeking to do good.

The manuscript was tendered, in conformity with wishes expressed, to the American Baptist Publication Society, at the time of its delivery. Its examination was then declined from fear that its publication would be adverse to the interests and wishes of the family of Dr. Judson ; such publications being considered as calculated to interfere with the sale of the expected Memoir. That fear has recently proved to have been founded in misapprehension. And, as it was the author's aim in the preparation of the discourse to produce an effect the reverse of that which was feared, he now places it again at the disposal of the Society for publication, in compliance with the request of the body before which it was delivered.

Boston, October 1, 1853.



## P R E F A C E.

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THE request for the publication of the following discourse is complied with, in the hope that it may aid in extending a desire for further knowledge of the extraordinary man, the leading traits of whose character it attempts to portray and illustrate.

In this way it may serve as an *avant-courier* to the Memoir. A supplanter, in any case, it cannot be. Whoever reads what is given him in this discourse, will not be satisfied without knowing more. It is also hoped that, by its lighter and more disposable form, it may reach into quarters where the Memoir might not enter; and awaken an interest in the Missionary cause in hearts unused to much feeling on the subject; and thus win new supporters for it at a time when it has the prospect of unprecedented prosperity, and when it will consequently need greatly augmented means of operation.

The Missionary enterprise has reached, in Burmah, a stage at which it seems likely to demand

great expansion. If the hopes which have been awakened by recent events are to be realized, our churches are to have the peerless, fadeless glory offered them of giving the blessings of civilization to eight millions of people. It is now not improbable that an open field may be tendered us in Burmah, broad as that nation's territory, for battle with idolatry and barbarism; and that we may be invited to spread the blessings of science and the arts throughout the empire. We know that it is in the *power* of the monarch to make the offer, if it shall be in his heart to do so. And we know "that the king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: He turneth it whithersoever He will." And we know that *it has been turned toward the mission.*

We know further, that if the monarch were to withdraw his favor from Buddhism, it would dissolve, in that country, before the light of Christianity and of science, like the mists of the morning. It could not maintain its position a year without the royal protection. It is said by Snodgrass, in his account of the Burmese war, (of 1824-6,) that "the regard of the people for their present worship is so slight that the king of Ava could, by a simple order, change the religion of the nation, without a murmur." This potentate has invited our missionaries to his



capital, and promised them liberty to preach the Gospel freely.\*

Are our churches prepared for what may be before them? And will not those who have waited for evidence of the favor of God to Missionary effort among the heathen, consider the present indications as sufficient authority, and sufficient encouragement, for uniting, without further delay, with their brethren in the missionary work? Let it be known what Judson has suffered and done in preparing the way; what others have suffered and done with him; what God has wrought by them; and what prospects—prospects vast to amazement—He has opened to us. And if there shall be one Baptist in this country standing aloof from the cause of missions after that, then let the sacramental host of God's elect

\* Since the above was written the aspect of affairs has changed; but not darkened. The king referred to has been dethroned, and is succeeded by one, of whose disposition towards our missionaries and towards Christianity, we know nothing; it may be conjectured to be unfriendly, from supposed implication with British power. But, whatever may be the disposition of the Burman government, the choicest portion of the territory, and about half the people, are now irrevocably beyond its control; and are as accessible to the influences of Christianity and civilization as any portion of our own land, so far as government is concerned.

*October, 1853.*

“note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed.” The very success of the work will call for the strength of all : and that professor of “Jesus Christ’s religion” who refuses to “come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty,” may not only be ashamed, but he may well *fear* the “bitter curse” invoked on such as he, by the angel of the Lord. Oh, for more men, of tone and temper like Judson’s, to take the field ; and more men of liberality, like Cobb’s, in the churches, to sustain and furnish them with the means of labor there !

It may, perhaps, seem to some who shall read the following pages, that the author does not duly appreciate the part which others have borne in our missions in Burmah. He is aware of the strong propensity there is in the great majority of men towards “unitarianism :” the disposition to exalt some one individual of a fraternity at the expense of all the rest ; but he hopes he is not chargeable with this disposition himself. He thinks he should be as happy in Saturn, surrounded by its seven moons, as on earth with one.

If he has not spoken of other noble spirits who have toiled and suffered with the subject of this discourse, it is not because he is not sensible of their exalted worth, and of the importance

and value of their labors. They are men whose names the church will cherish to the end of time : they will have their record on high ; nor will they lose their meed of praise below. The author had a single object before him : " Grace and Apostleship, as illustrated in the Life of Judson." The unity of his theme, as well as the limitation of the time allotted to a discourse, forbade a wider scope of observation.

*Washington City, Nov. 12, 1851.*



## A DISCOURSE.



PHIL. III. 17.

Brethren, be followers together with me, and mark those who walk so as ye have us for an ensample.

IN other words: Be joint imitators of me, and mark well the course of life of those who make us their example.

The Apostle would have the Philippian Christians, who were mostly converts from Paganism, cultivate a right spirit and live a proper life. And there were two modes by which he might aid them to the attainment of that end. The first was, The setting forth of the *precepts* of Christianity. In these he had without doubt well instructed them.

The other mode was, The *illustration* of Christianity in his own life.

That they had already enjoyed the advantage of this mode, also, is beyond doubt.

He could say to these as he had said to the Thessalonians ten years before: "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe: as ye know how we exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory."\*

If it must be admitted that Paul was not a perfect pattern, inasmuch as no man is perfect, then we may presume that he would be understood in our text to say, as he had said to the Corinthian Christians six years before: "Be ye followers of me, *even as I also am of Christ.*"†

As Paul was now no longer present with the Philippian Christians, to be the object of their observation, he turns the attention of the church to those among them who were most like him. Mark them, says he, and emulate those traits of Christian character which they have most successfully copied from me.

\* 1 Thess. ii. 10-12.

† 1 Cor. xi. 1.

Noble worth it must have been that could thus challenge scrutiny, and invite imitation !

We thus have a beautiful series of moral patterns and copyists—"joint imitators,"—varying in degrees of excellence. God is the only absolute standard of moral worth. But "God was manifest in the flesh." In Christ, we have "the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person." And he was not only the illustration of what God is, but the type of what man should be. He stands at the head of the series, God's representative rather than imitator; and God has "predestined" the rest "to be conformed to the image of his Son." Below him are the Apostles; "baptized with the baptism that he was baptized with," and lustrous with his virtues: not only Peter and James and John, and the others who had "continued with him in his temptations," but also the Apostle "born out of due time," the convert of Tarsus, to whom he had "shown how great things he must suffer for his name's sake."

Below *them* again, but close in their rear,

are the choice specimens of Christian character in the churches. And, scattered all along the ascending grades of moral excellence, are the different characters whom the grace of God has arrested in their courses of iniquity, and brought out of "darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

The eye of each, however, is upward and onward; and "*Excelsior*" his motto. "Behold," says God to them from his throne in heaven, "Behold my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased:" and each, "forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth to those which are before," is pressing towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

To the wisdom of *this mode* of seeking the improvement of character, all ages have given their testimony. Who does not know that one bright exemplification of Christian virtues has done more in stimulating effort after higher degrees of excellence than whole years of teaching? Facts have more power than theory in creating faith, even in matters of scientific truth: and so, a



Christian life has often been a convincing demonstration where argument has been employed in vain. There is something in example calculated at once to work conviction of *practicability*, where the attainment has before seemed to be impossible; and also to excite to exertion. And thus it is, that delineation of character has ever been a favorite mode of appeal to the public heart; that biography has ever been the most popular form of history; and that the church has always sought to save from the tide of oblivion, and to set on high, the brightest examples of what men should be, for the contemplation of those who should come after them.

In appropriating the present occasion, then, to the study of the character of one whose devotion to the service of Christ, and the welfare of mankind, has filled the churches with his praise, we may consider ourselves not only as conforming to the spirit of our text, but as employing one of the most hopeful means of doing good.

Adoniram Judson spent his life in missionary service in a heathen land. In his

devotion to that service, and by his usefulness in it, he has won a name that will live to the end of time. His example will inspire multitudes of men yet unborn, to lay their lives on the altar of Christ; and will hold them steady to their purpose, amid discouragement and sufferings. And "the Apostle of Burmah," through his example of self-sacrifice, speaking to Christians of all lands, will rebuke in them an inglorious love of ease, and the spirit of covetousness; and encourage them in "seeking for glory, honor and immortality by a patient continuance in well doing."

It cannot be expected in the time allowed for this exercise that anything like a *perfect outline*, even, should be given of a life so long, and so full of labor. I shall therefore content myself, after a few words of his history, with calling your attention to some of those traits of character as they shine out in some points of his history, which merit for him a companionship with the Apostles, as an object of Christian imitation.

Dr. Judson was born in Malden, near Boston, on the 9th of August, 1788, and

was the son of a Congregational minister. He was educated at Brown University, and graduated, I believe, with the first honors of his class. He then entered the Theological Seminary at Andover; not for the purpose of preparing for the ministry, as he was not at that time a professor of religion, but for the purpose of giving himself up to an examination of the truths and doctrines of Christianity. It appears that he had had strong doubts of its divine origin; but felt the conviction that, if it was truly from God, it demanded from him the consecration of *his heart and life* "to the obedience of the faith."

He there spent two years in study; during which time he became a converted man, and formed the resolution to devote his life to the work of preaching Christ to some nation yet in heathenism.

The churches of this country, at that time, were asleep to the duty of sending the gospel to the heathen. Through his influence, united with that of three or four other students who sympathized with him, an organization was formed, now known

through the world as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, under whose auspices he sailed from this country for England, to seek the aid of an English Missionary Society, in the prosecution of his purpose ; so little confidence had those good men, who favored his wishes, in their power to procure from the churches of this country the means of his outfit and support. This was in the time of those troubles with England and France which led to the war of 1812.

He was taken prisoner on his way to England ; was carried to France ; was released ; went to England ; secured, in part, the object of his mission, and returned to this country. And, on the 19th of February, 1812, embarked with his wife, the immortal Ann Hasseltine Judson, for the East.

On his passage he took up the examination of a subject which holds a place subordinate, as to its importance, to that which had been the great object of his inquiries before his conversion ; but a subject, nevertheless, which was now to be one of prac-

tical importance, if he was to be so far successful in his efforts for the salvation of the heathen as to have occasion to form churches among them. I allude to Christian baptism; in its subject and its mode. The result of his examination was, a conviction that a pure Christianity admitted the baptism of none but believers; and that the meaning of Christ, in his command, was *not conformed to* by anything short of immersion. On his arrival, therefore, in India, he sought baptism for himself and his wife, who had shared in his studies and convictions, at the hands of the English Baptist missionaries at Serampore.

This act necessarily separated him from the denomination in which he had been born, reared, and educated; and from the Society in this country on which he was dependent for his support.

He had been but a few weeks in India, before the British East India Company, which, at that time, was opposed to any effort to disturb the paganism of their possessions, ordered him to depart from the country; giving him permission, however, to go to the Isle

of France. From the Isle of France he went to Madras; and from thence to Rangoon, in Burmah. Here, after being tossed about for almost a year and a half, he arrived in July, 1813. Here he commenced the study of the Burman language, and prepared to enter on the great business to which he had consecrated his life.

After the lapse of several years spent in the acquisition of the language, and the preaching of the gospel at Rangoon, he went to Ava, the capital of the empire, to obtain, if possible, the countenance of royalty, free permission to preach the gospel; and protection from persecution of those in the empire who should embrace it. Disappointed in this, he returned to Rangoon, and pursued the work of his mission, as best he could, till near the time when the war broke out between Great Britain and Burmah.

As he and his associates had been able to live and labor at Rangoon so long without the countenance of the government, and as Dr. Price, an American Missionary, was enjoying the favor of the monarch, as a



*physician*, at Ava, Mr. Judson determined to make a trial of preaching the Gospel "under the shadow of the throne." There, on the breaking out of the war, he was seized; thrown into prison; loaded with chains; dragged from one prison to another, and exposed to every indignity and cruelty which it is possible for nature to bear, for nineteen months, in almost daily expectation of death from the hands of the executioner. He was at length released, and employed as an interpreter in negotiations of peace with the British: and, on the cession of a portion of the Burman territory, he located at Amherst, under the protection of the British flag.

There, and at Maulmain, to which the seat of the British governor was afterwards removed, and which was also made the head-quarters of our Mission in Burmah, he spent the remainder of his days in *exclusive* devotion to *missionary* labors, having refused an appointment under the British government, as their interpreter, at \$3000 a year.

In the year 1845, after an absence of

thirty-three years, compelled by the sinking health of his second wife, rather than influenced by any desire of intermitting his long protracted toil, he visited his native land. He returned to his work the following year, and continued at his post of duty till disease and labor had brought him to the borders of the grave.

Against the judgment and wishes of his friends, he sought, *alone*, the recovery of his health by a sea voyage. He left Maulmain for the Isle of Bourbon; and died when but a few days at sea. And while the spirit, now ripened for immortality, took its flight for the bosom of its God, his mortal remains were committed to the deeps of the ocean.

Mr. Judson was called to part with his first wife by death, soon after his escape from the power of the Burman government, at the close of the war. His second wife, for the recovery of whose health it was that he left Burmah for this country, died on the passage, and was buried at St. Helena. Before his departure from this country he married his third wife, who survives



him; and who has recently returned to this country.

I have thus given a very rapid glance at the leading events of his life, that you may be able the better to understand what we have to say of his character.

From what has already been said, it has been seen that we consider the missionary enterprise to have enjoyed, in Dr. Judson, the benefit of the service of no common order of talent. Had it been his desire to reach a distinguished position of wealth, or fame, in a secular calling; or had he been ambitious of honor and influence in the churches of his native land; he had the powers to reach that position, or to gratify that desire. An illustration of the *activity* of his mind, and of that *love of labor*, which, in the youthful student, is the sure presage of distinction, is extant in a treatise in aid of education, prepared while in college.

Of his power in the *pulpit*, while yet but a scion of manhood, I have heard the people of Plymouth—the place of his father's settlement at the time of his entrance into the ministry—speak with rapture, as of one

who seemed inspired. Eternity, they said, seemed open as he spoke :—its realities revealed !

His capabilities for shining in the path of *literature*, had he chosen it, were beyond question. His power in description—a power involving some of the highest attributes of talent, the possession of which has been to so many a wizard wand for the command of both fame and fortune—was often admired in his earlier communications to the Missionary journals of the time.

As a specimen, illustrating at once his power of genius, to see things as they are, and to point them to others' sight ; and his power of faith to look into the future, and see and describe them as they will be ; take the following account of his survey of the monuments of Burman idolatry.\*

\* Pah-gan, or Pa-gahm, on the east bank of the Irrawaddy, forty miles below Ava, and two hundred and sixty above Rangoon, was once the residence of a long line of kings ; but was abandoned as the metropolis from some religious notion : probably from an idea of its sacredness as the cradle of the religion of the empire.

“*Jan.* 18, 1820.—Took a survey of the splendid pagodas and extensive ruins in the environs of this once famous city. Ascended, as far as possible, some of the highest edifices, and, at the height of 100 feet, perhaps, beheld all the country around covered with temples and monuments of every sort and size :—some in utter ruin, some fast decaying, and some exhibiting marks of recent attention and repair. The remains of the ancient wall of the city stretched beneath us. The pillars of the gates, and many a grotesque, decapitated relic of antiquity, checkered the motley scene. All conspired to suggest those elevated and mournful ideas which are attendant on a view of the decaying remains of ancient grandeur ; and, though not comparable to such ruins as those of Palmyra and Balbec, are still deeply interesting to the antiquary, and more deeply interesting to the Christian missionary. Here, about 800 years ago, the religion of Boodh was first publicly recognized and established as the religion of the empire. Here, then, Ah-rah-han, the first Boodhist apostle of

Burmah, under the patronage of king Anan-ra-tha-men-zan, disseminated the doctrines of Atheism, and taught his disciples to pant after annihilation, as the supreme good. Some of the ruins before our eyes, were probably the remains of pagodas designed by himself. We looked back on the centuries of darkness that are passed. We looked forward; and Christian hope would fain brighten the prospect. Perhaps we stand on the dividing line of the empires of darkness and light. O, shade of Shen Ah-rah-han! weep o'er thy falling fanes; retire from the scenes of thy past greatness! But thou smilest at my feeble voice. Linger, then, thy little remaining day. A voice, mightier than mine, 'a still small voice,' will, ere long, sweep away every vestige of thy dominion. The churches of Jesus will soon supplant these idolatrous monuments; and the chanting of the devotees of Boodh will die away before the Christian hymn of praise."

That these were not the outbursts of a youthful enthusiasm merely, which had girded on the harness for battle without

having counted the cost, we shall see in the sequel.

As a first point of resemblance, then, between the primitive apostle to the Gentiles, and the pioneer of American missions in the distant East, we note the order of talent consecrated to the salvation of the heathen, and the sacrifice which that consecration cost him.

And, as we draw the parallel, let us bless God, for the power of that grace which converted, in the one case, the boasting pharisee, and in the other, the Christian skeptic, into an humble Christian, and "a chosen vessel unto Christ to bear his name before Gentiles and kings."

Was Paul born in circumstances which opened before him the paths of honor and profit, and usefulness, among his own countrymen? So was Judson.

Had he a high order of natural talent? So had Judson. Had he the advantage of the best education which his country could give him? So had Judson. Could he pride himself on his religious connections and advantages? So could Judson. And,

as I recall the circumstances of his early life, born as he was in the bosom of the Pilgrim churches, dedicated to God in baptism, and reared among the memorials of the race whom God led out from the old world to worship Him "on the wild New England shore;" and as I hear him bidding adieu to all worldly honors, and pleasures, and gains, and friends, and home, and country, in his father's pulpit, in sight of the Plymouth rock, and the graves of his forefathers; I scarcely feel the need of changing a word of that piece of personal history which we have in the connection of our text: "If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more: circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness of the law, blameless. But what things were gain to me, these I counted loss for Christ."

It is difficult for us who have 'not been called to make the sacrifice, to appreciate



the strength of faith, the love of the Saviour, the crucifixion to the world, the conversion of the souls of men which are required in one's devotion of himself for life to foreign missionary service.

It requires no ordinary degree of piety, even when, as at the present day, the man goes forth to a field of labor which has been in a measure prepared to his hand; when he goes anticipating the society and co-operation of others who have gone before him; when he goes without apprehension of personal danger; and goes knowing he shall be cared for, and his wants supplied by organized associations of the churches at home, who are praying for his safety and success. Even then, with all these mitigating considerations, there is enough that must be *given up*, to wring the heart; and enough that must be *met*, to try the courage, the philanthropy, and the faith of a man, as they are seldom tried in the home service of the gospel. Even then the missionary, as he turns and looks back for the last time on the dear scenes of his past life, finds a struggle in

his bosom which others cannot know,  
while he pronounces his tearful farewell:

“ Home, thy joys are passing lovely—  
Joys no stranger heart can tell ;  
Happy home, indeed I love thee :  
Can I, *can* I say, ‘ Farewell ?’  
Can I leave thee,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,  
Holy days and Sabbath bell,  
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,  
Can I say a last farewell ?  
Can I leave you,  
Far in heathen lands to dwell ?”

What then must have been the tone of his mind, and the force of divine grace in his heart, who could turn his back on every charm of home and country that could bind a son and a brother, and lure a youth of exalted talent to walks of honor, wealth or power ; and bidding father and mother, and brother and sister, and friends and country, adieu for ever, could go forth to take his lot for life among an idolatrous people ; to learn a language, and preach



the gospel, *as an untried experiment*, in the dark places of the earth, where none had prepared a way before him, and where the only things certain to him were privation and exposure; privation of the comforts if not the necessities of life, and exposure to the jealousy and hate of cruel, superstitious, and arbitrary heathen powers?

What that tone of mind, and that measure of grace were, may, in some measure, be judged of by the letter, the answer to which was to settle for him the question whether the friend of his heart should share his fortunes; or whether he must go alone.

“I have to ask,” said he, to the father of her who possessed his affections, “whether you can consent to part with your daughter, to see her no more in this world? whether you can consent to her departure for a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life: whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the climate of Southern India; to every kind of want and distress;

to degradation, insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death. Can you consent to all this for the sake of Him who left his heavenly home and died for her and for you; for the sake of perishing immortal souls; for the sake of Zion and the glory of God? Can you consent to all this in the hope of soon meeting your daughter in the world of glory, with a crown of righteousness brightened by the acclamations of praise which shall resound to her Saviour from heathen saved through her means from eternal woe and despair?"

But though we see him thus turning away from prospects so bright to those so dark, so revolting, and so terrific; we do not take the full altitude of the moral heroism we are contemplating till we behold him, afar on the sea, daring to put to himself a question, the answer to which might break every tie yet left unbroken. It was the question: Have I, in all the points of my message, *the truth* to carry? am I right on the subject of my Saviour's command? Do I understand the commission he has given me to the Gentiles: to "go and con-

*vert*\* the nations, *baptizing* in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit." Have I, in being sprinkled in my unconscious infancy, submitted to it, *myself*; and are the commission which I have received from my Master, and that which I bear from my brethren, which commands me to baptize believers *with their households*, compatible with each other?

He knew that if, in the examination of this question, he should come to the conviction that the views in which he had been educated were unsupported by divine authority, his renunciation of them would overwhelm a father's complacency with mortification, and a mother's heart with sorrow; that it would carry disappointment and displeasure through the churches and the ministry of his native land with which he was connected; and that it must shut him out from their support. And he knew that the churches whose sentiment and practice he might be compelled by his examination to adopt, had no organization whatever at that time, in this country, to

\* Literal rendering.

which he could turn for the means of subsistence.

It was, then, with him, the question of the absolute surrender of the last of every thing that a young heart in its love, and hope, and pride, and ambition, could cherish or aspire after: it was the question of bringing the edge of truth against the only remaining cord that now held him, in his descent into a dark and frightful abyss. It was the question of utter abandonment to the doom of an exile and an outcast, to betake himself, for the very means of subsistence, to the charities of the heathen; and for sympathy and shelter, to a people whose tender mercies are cruel.

But it was the question of the right understanding of his Master's command, on which Christians were unhappily divided in the land to which he had bidden adieu; he had professed to give up every thing for Christ, when he received from him the grace of his own Son, and he nobly resolved that, whatever might become of him, he would not transplant error and division

to another land, if Christ would bless his search for the truth.

For four months, alone on the ocean, did he and that noble woman who shared his spirit as she shared his fortunes, pursue the study of the subject, with the Bible and with Pædobaptist treatises (for they had no other), till their minds were brought to the settled conviction that Pædobaptism, and the practice of sprinkling, had no foundation in the word of God. And when they had come to that conviction, they “conferred not with flesh and blood,” but “arose and were baptized” and looked to Him, for whom they had left every thing earthly, to fulfil the promises which they felt they now might claim: “Lo, *I* am with you: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.”

May we not, then, without passing the bounds of propriety, direct the eyes of mankind to him as an example of sacrifice and consecration, worthy of being “marked” as one who “so walked as he had the Apostle

for a type?" And, may we not, without being deemed to have pursued our comparison too far, quote the remainder of the Apostle's autobiography referred to, as applicable to him? "What things were gain to me those I counted loss for Christ: Yea, doubtless, and *I count all things* but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom *I have suffered* the loss of all things."

Such, then, was the spirit and such the circumstances in which we find the young missionary taking his position as the pioneer and founder of the American Baptist Missions in the Burman empire. This field was the field of his choice.\* Its soil was yet virgin to the hand of Christian husbandry. It gave him scope for the ambition of his Apostolic spirit: the ambition

\* "Mr. Judson, with his excellent lady, left Mauritius for Madras, in the expectation of proceeding thence to Penang, and of commencing there his missionary labors with reference to the Malays. Such, however, were the arrangements of the overruling providence of God, as rendered it necessary for them to proceed from Madras directly to Rangoon—the *very point had in view on leaving the United States for the East!*"—*Latter Day Lumin.* Feb. 1818.



of "preaching the Gospel *not* where Christ was named, lest he should build upon another man's foundation. But, as it is written, To whom he was not spoken of, they shall see; and they that have not heard shall understand." There had, indeed, been an *attempt* made to introduce Christianity into Burmah; but no *impression*. No less than five missionaries had entered the field before him; but the history of their endeavors was well calculated to discourage him. One of them died soon after his arrival; and none of the others continued long enough at his post to see a single convert embracing the Gospel. One left the station in a few months after reaching it; another removed in the course of a year; and two others, after a little longer stay, and after making some progress in the language, abandoned the field in like manner. But it was just the field for such a man as Judson. No people in the East had a stronger claim on Christian sympathy. Idolatry and despotism were crushing human nature into the dust. The government, rapacious and cruel to the last de-

gree, with absolute mastery over life and property, was holding millions in poverty and terror, in a country whose soil and climate gave scope for every earthly blessing. And the religion, a fit handmaid to such a government, completed the desolation which tyranny began. Its picturesque valleys and majestic mountains were filled with idols and idol temples; and its fertile soil, instead of showing fields of wavy plenty, was covered with jungles, the habitation of tigers. But the people, though thus depressed, and showing the marks of moral degradation which centuries of oppression and idolatry had burned into them, showed also unmistakable traits of promise. Morally degraded, indeed, they were: inhospitable and selfish, crafty and distrustful, impatient and irascible, deceitful and false, indolent and unenterprising; as a nation whose rulers had been robbers from time immemorial must be, or perish. They were, naturally, a race far superior, *in their intellectual* character, to most of the nations of the East; and contained the unequivocal elements of promise for becoming a nation



worthy to be the possessors of one of the finest countries of the world, whenever they should come under the refining and elevating power of the Gospel.

Unlike the natives of hither India, they are characterized by an acute and inquiring mind, and lively imagination: and unlike them in another respect, they are not bound to their superstitions by the ties of caste.

Such was the sphere which Judson chose in which to make a trial—a life-long trial—of missionary courage, zeal, and power. To the religious instruction, the moral elevation, and the social improvement of that people he consecrated his life.

Others had been there and taken a survey of the obstacles to be encountered, the sufferings to be endured, and the labors to be done, before a harvest could be hoped for, or even the seed be scattered upon the soil: and *they* had retired dismayed or discouraged to more comfortable or more hopeful fields.\*

“ We feel more and more convinced that the Gospel must be introduced into this country through many trials and difficulties, through much self-denial and earnest

One of these difficulties was the want of the aids which were necessary in learning

prayer. The strong prejudices of the Burmans, their foolish conceit of superiority over other nations, the wickedness of their lives, together with the plausibility of their own religious tenets, make a formidable appearance in the way of their receiving the strict requirements of the Gospel of Jesus. But all things are possible with God; and he is our only hope and confidence. He can make mountains become valleys, and dry places streams of water."

*Mrs. Judson's Journal for April 16, 1814.*

That it may not appear that the missionaries who had preceded Mr. Judson, were too censurably desponding and alarmed, their own account of the state of things should be heard. Mr. Chater, one of the last to leave the ground, reports that although a handsome sum had been subscribed by the European merchants residing in Rangoon at that time, for the building of a place of worship, yet "so little inclination towards the things of God was evinced, even by the European inhabitants, though the chapel had been open for worship on three successive Sabbaths, *not an individual* residing in the place came near it." Soon afterwards the town was burned down, excepting a few huts and the houses of the two principal officers. Forty thousand houses, it was stated by a British officer who was there at the time, and no less than two hundred and fifty lives were destroyed by the torches of incendiaries. Some time after this, Mr. Chater writes, "The country is completely torn to pieces, as the Mugs and Rachmurs have revolted, and cut off the Burman go-

the language. No such thing as a lexicon of that language had ever been made. And there were no persons to be found acquainted with the English and the Burman, who could aid him in its study. This, of itself, would have been enough to quench the zeal of an ordinary man.

The nature of the difficulty cannot be better described than in his own language: and the manner in which he applied himself to overcome it, for himself and for all who should come after him, is illustrative of his *love of labor*, his *patience*, and his *perseverance*.

Without a dictionary, without a grammar, without even an interpreter, he sat

vernment; and the Burmans themselves are forming large parties under the different princes." To complete the picture of the field, Mr. Judson had before him, we may add the statement of Mr. Chater's associates respecting the administration of government. "The Maywoon's time is much taken up in giving orders for executions. Five or six, convicted of murder, have been crucified, and their bellies ripped up while alive; and two women, who have committed murder, are doomed to be devoured by a tiger!" No wonder that Mrs. Judson doubted if it would be found "practicable to live in such a place."

down with a Burman, and began by pointing to objects, and asking for their names. From morning to night, and day after day, did he thus sit, catching the sounds of the Burman tongue; linking them to the objects to which they belonged; and extracting, as best he could, by a sort of divination, the elements of the grammar of the language from which he was thus able to gather.

When *two years and a half* had passed in this manner, we find him writing to a friend in this country, respecting his past success, and the prospect before him, as follows:—

“I just now begin to see my way forward in this language, and hope that two or three years more will make it somewhat familiar; but I have met with difficulties that I had no idea of before I entered on the work.

“For a European or American to acquire a living oriental language, root and branch, and make it his own, is quite a different thing from his acquiring a cognate language of the West, or any of the

dead languages, as they are studied in the schools.

“One circumstance may serve to illustrate this. I once had occasion to devote *a few months* to the study of the French. I have now been engaged above *two years* in the Burman. If I were to choose between a Burman and a French book, to be examined in, without previous study, I should, without the least hesitation, choose the French. When we take up a western language, the similarity in the characters, in very many terms, in many modes of expression, and in the general structure of the sentences, its being in fair print, and the assistance of grammars, dictionaries, and instructors, render the work comparatively easy. But when we take up a language spoken by a people on the other side of the earth, whose very thoughts run in channels diverse from ours, and whose modes of expression are consequently all new and uncouth; when we find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any language we had ever met with; and these words not fairly di-

vided and distinguished, as in western writing, by breaks and points, and capitals, but run together in one continuous line,—a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word; when instead of clear characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on dried palm leaves strung together, and called a book; when we have no dictionary, and no interpreter to explain a single word; and must get something of the language, before we can avail ourselves of the assistance of a native teacher;

‘*Hic labor, hoc opus est.*’

‘This is toil, this is labor.’

He persevered, however, in this toil, and in this labor, till he became the most perfect master of the language in the empire. And the little vocabulary that began with the names of the articles of the rude and scanty furniture of his bamboo dwelling, became the germ of the first dictionary of the Burman tongue.

As soon as he was able to make himself at all understood, he sought to turn his acquirements to the benefit of those around



him. Like his great apostolic pattern at Athens, "his spirit was stirred within him when he saw a people wholly given to idolatry;" and he longed to "preach unto them that they should turn from these vanities unto the living God."

But this was not an easy thing to be done, even if he had possessed a complete command of the language. For, on the subjects of the existence and character of God, on man's accountability, and on the nature of an atonement, they were men *without words with which to communicate their ideas*. They were a people who had emphatically lost the religion of God, and whose highest conceptions had never reached the idea of eternal existence.\*

As soon as he felt himself at all able, however, he resolved to make the trial of imparting that knowledge. He composed a tract which, with the most masterly skill,

\* "They have not the least idea of a God who is eternal—without beginning or end. All their deities have been through the several grades of creatures, from a fowl to a deity."

*Mrs. Judson's Letter to her Sisters, dated Dec. 8. 1815.*

brevity, and clearness, laid open the great truths of the Christian religion. He translated portions of the Scriptures, and circulated them. He prepared himself a shelter by the road-side, and sat and conversed with people as they would stop and listen to his broken but earnest utterances of strange things about a Being who "made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all things that are therein; who, in times past, suffered all nations to walk in their own ways, but who, nevertheless, left not himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave them rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness."

He thus won acquaintance and kind feelings, and improved in his knowledge of the language. And thus, also, he extended the knowledge of Christian truth. But year after year rolled away without evidence of its saving power on a single Burman soul.

The Christian public in this country began to be impatient for results; and many began to doubt the practicability of evan-



gelizing that people. The churches of our own denomination, that had been aroused to concert for the support and the reinforcement of the mission, began to pause, and ask whether God's time had come for their conversion: and whole Associations were drawing back from the missionary enterprise, as a project of man which God had refused to sanction.

One is reminded, as he looks back on those years of unproductive toil, of free but apparently bootless expenditure; and on the wide-spread revolt from the missionary cause—sweeping, in some instances, whole States away from its support;—one is reminded of those days of gathering gloom when the forlorn hope of a struggling nation lay on the western bank of the Delaware; and when Washington knelt amid the snows of a December night, and prayed to God that freedom's suffering little band might not lose the sympathy and the confidence of those in whose service they were bleeding.

It was a trying time for Judson; and a

critical conjuncture for the religious prospects of Burmah.

What were his feelings and purposes, may be seen in his letters of the time. In 1816, he wrote as follows to Rev. Dr. Staughton:—

“My views of the missionary object are, indeed, different from what they were, when I was first set on fire by Buchanan’s ‘Star in the East,’ six years ago. But it does not always happen that a closer acquaintance with an object diminishes our attachment and preference. We sometimes discover beauties, as well as deformities, which were overlooked on a superficial view; when some attractions lose their force, others more permanent are exerted; and when the glitter, in which novelty invested the object, has passed away, more substantial excellences have room to disclose their influence: and so it has been with me, I hope, in regard to the work of missions.”

Again, in a letter, dated August 3, 1816, to Rev. Luther Rice, who, it will be remembered, was engaged in this country in

raising the means of supporting the mission ; Judson holds the following language :

“ If any ask what success I meet with among the natives, tell them to look at Otaheite, where the English missionaries labored nearly twenty years, and, not meeting with the slightest success, began to be neglected by all the Christian world, and the very name of Otaheite was considered a shame to the cause of missions ; but now the blessing begins to come. Tell them to look at Bengal, also, where Dr. Thomas had been laboring seventeen years, that is, from 1783 to 1800, before the first convert, Krishna, was baptized. When a few converts are once made, things move on. But it requires a much longer time than I have been here, to make a first impression on a heathen people. If they ask again, what prospect of *ultimate* success is there ? As much as that there is an Almighty and faithful God, who will perform his promises, and no more. If this does not satisfy them, beg them to let me stay and try it, and to let you come, and to give us our *bread* ; or, if they are unwilling to risk their

bread on such a forlorn hope as has nothing but the WORD OF GOD to sustain it, beg of them, at least, not to prevent others from giving us bread; and if we live some twenty or thirty years, they may hear from us again.

“This,” he adds, in reference to a reinforcement of the mission, “is a most wretched filthy place. Missionaries must not calculate on the least comfort but what they find in one another, and their work. However, if a ship was lying in the river, ready to convey me to any part of the world I should choose, and that too, with the entire approbation of all my Christian friends, I would prefer dying to embarking. This is an immense field: and since the Serampore missionaries have left it, it is wholly thrown on the hands of the American Baptists. If we desert it, the blood of the Burmans will be required of us.”

Some months afterwards he wrote to the Rev. Dr. Baldwin:—

“We know not the designs of God, in regard to this country; but I cannot but have raised expectations. It is true, we may have to labor and wait many years be-

fore the blessing comes. But we see what God is doing in other heathen lands, after trying the faith and sincerity of his servants, some fifteen or twenty years. Look at Otaheite, Bengal, and Africa. And is Burmah to remain a solitary instance of the inefficacy of prayer, of the forgetfulness of a merciful and faithful God?

“Is it nothing, that an attempt is begun to be made; that in one instance, the language is considerably acquired; that a tract is ready for publication, which is intelligible and perspicuous, and will give the Burmans their *first ideas* of a Saviour and the way of salvation; that a press and types have now arrived, and a printer is on the way; that a grammar is finished to facilitate the studies of others, and a dictionary of the language is in a very forward state; and that the way is now prepared, as soon as health permits, to proceed slowly in the translation of the New Testament? Is it nothing, that just at this time, the monarch of the country has taken a violent hate to the priests of his own religion, and is endeavoring, with all his power, to extirpate

the whole order ; at the same time professing to be an inquirer after the true religion ? Is all this to be set down a mere cipher ? It is true that we may desire much more. But let us use what we have, and God will give us more."

I confess there is, to my apprehension, a moral heroism and sublimity about this calm repose, this unfaltering courage, this unshaken constancy of purpose in seeking the salvation of that perishing people, which merit the admiration of mankind. And if Washington is loved and honored as a good and great man, for abiding faithful in that day when a nation's freedom trembled on the balance of his decisions ; shall the world regard with indifference the spectacle of a soldier of the cross not only pledging his fortune and his life, when youth impelled and hope allured, to a nation's rescue from the thrall of idolatry ; but still adhering to that pledge while life wears on, and is wearing out amidst privations which the patriot never knew, amidst sufferings and indignities the patriot never was called to bear ; and who, while hope, to all the civil-



ized world, seems but a syren that has lured him to his ruin; and while affection's voice from home is calling for his relinquishment of his enterprise, and his return to his native land; still stands at his post, and pleads for leave to toil and suffer, and die for a people not his own. It cannot be. Philanthropy—the love of man—is a higher attribute than patriotism—the love of country. And it requires a more exalted virtue, and a not less lofty order of talent, to take the path that Judson chose, and to pursue it as he pursued it, than it requires to compass a nation's civil freedom.

But my object is not to eulogize. I wish to give facts which may leave their own impression.

We have seen how the young missionary gave up the blessings of civilized society, gave up his country and kindred; his religious connections, and his means and prospects of support, that he might carry a pure gospel and a pure conscience to the heathen. And we have seen how he met difficulties; braved dangers; and persevered in the midst of discouragements.

Before we can render full justice to his character, however, we must take a more particular view of *the trials to which his firmness was subjected*.

And, that we may have a clearer apprehension of the strength of his *love* for Christ and for the heathen, and the strength of his *faith* in the promises of God with regard to their recovery from idolatry, and their evangelization; and, also, a more vivid impression of the power of that *firmness* which held him to the purpose and the vows of his youth, for the thirty-eight years which he spent in missionary labors; we will glance at the events (occurring between his arrival on heathen ground, and the final establishment of the mission), which were adapted to put these virtues of love, and faith, and firmness, to the proof.

The *first* proof to which these virtues were put, after his arrival on heathen ground, was his banishment by the British East India Company.

How many men would have taken that as a providential indication; and felt themselves *at liberty* to return home, if not en-



*joined by a higher than British power to do so?* How many an ordinary Christian would have considered the door to the heathen closed against him; and gladly returned to live and labor in a Christian land? Judson believed that, if it had become manifest that God had not work for him to do in one pagan locality, it was no evidence that He had none for him in some other. "When Paul had gone throughout Phrygia, and the region of Galatia, and was forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia, he went into Mysia; and essayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered him not." Instead, however, of his concluding that he was not in the path of duty, and turning about and going back to Jerusalem, or to his native Tarsus; he passed on and came down to Troas, and was rewarded for his perseverance by a vision that beckoned him to the field his Master wished him to enter.

So with Judson. Instead of returning home when the door was closed against him in Hindostan, he retired to the Isle of France to watch and wait for another to open.

The *second* test to which he was subjected was furnished in the sickness, the bereavement, and the destitution which befell him at the Isle of France.

After reaching it through a tedious and a perilous voyage, his wife was so ill with long tossing on the ocean, and with the heat of a tropical climate, as to look on herself as near her end. Mrs. Newell, who, with her husband, had preceded them, had closed her missionary life; and was sleeping in death on their arrival. And Mr. Rice, the only friend whose society he could now hope to have in his work, left him for America. "Brother Rice has just left us;" writes Mrs. Judson in her Journal. "Mr. Judson and I are now entirely alone—not one remaining friend in this part of the world. The scenes through which we pass are calculated to remind us, that the world is not our home; and that we are fast verging towards the grave. No matter how soon we leave this world if we only live to God while we live. In that case, to die is gain. *Yet we are willing, and even desirous to live for a few years, that we may serve God*

*among the heathen, and do something towards extending a knowledge of the Saviour in this benighted world !”*

We are willing to live ! But where ? Where can we live, among the heathen, was now their all absorbing question. They decide upon a location among the Malays—a nation of pirates as well as heathens. And, as they have no other means of reaching them than that of risking themselves again within the power of the Christian East India Company to seek a conveyance, they sail for Madras.

Here their faith and constancy find their *third* test. No conveyance is to be had to their desired destination.

To escape the danger to which they were exposed from the Christian hands that were armed with civil and military power for the defence of Idolatry within the British possessions in India, they hasten on board of the only vessel they can find, bound for a pagan port ; and that port is *Rangoon*.

Here fell one ray of light. Burmah had been their first aim. They had been driven out of Bengal ; they found it impossible to

reach Penang; they were obliged to fly from Madras; and Burmah, coveted, yet dreaded Burmah, alone is open to them. But it is "the very point had in view on leaving the United States for the East!"

Before embarking, the following was dropped from the pen to which was then intrusted the record of passing emotions: "It is our present purpose to make Rangoon our final residence, if we find it practicable to live in such a place; otherwise to go"—where? Would it not be time to give up their missionary enterprise in despair, if, after all, they could not find a resting place in Burmah? No! is their reply. It is our purpose "to go to some one of the Malay islands. But I most sincerely hope that we shall be able to remain at Rangoon, among the Burmans, a people who have never heard the sound of the Gospel, or read in their own language of the love of Christ. Though our trials may be great, and our privations many and severe, yet the presence of Jesus can make us happy; and the consciousness that we have sacrificed all for his dear cause, and are endeavoring

to labor for the salvation of immortal souls, will enable us to bear our privations with some degree of satisfaction and delight. . . . Adieu to polished, refined, Christian society! Our lot is not cast with you, but among pagans; among barbarians whose tender mercies are cruel."

With these emotions and expectations they repair on ship-board: no fellow laborer, no fellow Christian; no American, no European even, to share their fortunes save a solitary female servant. One solitary female servant stood as helper and friend between them and utter loneliness. But such is the heart's yearnings for sympathy, in circumstances like theirs, that even an humble domestic is a heart-treasure; and the most cultivated and refined are glad to come down and sit at the same hearth-stone with the menial for the sake of society. And this poor female, who is all they have to talk with of their fatherland, and their only representative of the Christian world—the only living relic of civilization which they have to accompany them into the land of darkness towards which they are bend-

ing their way,—is, as I have said, a real heart treasure; and they now look to her, and cling to her as to an only earthly friend.

God of mystery! what is that heavy fall on the deck? It is *she*!—a lifeless corpse!

Oh, Judson, turn thy footsteps! All things are against thee: a Christian government opposes thee; the elements fight thee; death withstands thee; thy God is against thee! Oh, Judson, turn thy footsteps to the land of thy fathers. “Refined society” calls thee; love beckons thee; and usefulness and plenty, and ease, and honor, await thee there. Haste thee to thy country, thy kindred and thy quiet home!

But these were the reasonings and pleadings of flesh and sense. He reread his commission from his Master: he drank at the fountain of strength; looked out on the gloom that covered the nations; listened again to the wail that came up from their firesides, and from their temples; and went *forward*!

We shall not detain you with the recital of the trials which his constancy suffered on his way, in an old and crazy vessel, by the sight



of a wife languishing in sickness, with no physician, no female attendant, without any accommodations, and with scarcely the necessaries of life. Nor will we ask you to pause to contemplate the condition of that suffering wife *on their arrival*, as she is borne, for want of a better conveyance, on the shoulders of men from that vessel, in the midst of laughing and shouting pagans; and set down in an open shed in a heathen city. These, and such as these, are "light afflictions" in the life of Judson, and he himself, without doubt, regarded them as but the natural incidents of missionary life, though *we* should deem them ever memorable if they made part of our own.

The next real trial to his faith which we shall name, and in which the providence of God seemed to be frowning on his enterprise, was such a failure of Mrs. Judson's health as involved the necessity of her leaving the country; and brought him to the alternative of leaving it with her, or remaining alone. And what a spectacle do we behold in that crisis of their undertaking—in that hour of struggling affections,

and convictions of duty! She, noble woman, refuses to accept the company of her husband; commits herself again to the ocean, sick and alone: and he, having commended her to the God who rules the wind and the waves, returns to his lonely bamboo dwelling, to resume the study of the language; to pass his days and nights without one voice, or word, to cheer his solitude; without one heart to bow with him in prayer; and with the painful probability that he should never, *never* look upon the face of that martyr woman of his soul again. And now he comes before us with the loss of his sight. By this providential visitation he is entirely interdicted from study. After all obstacles have been surmounted in reaching his wished for field of labor; and after he has made good progress in the language; he finds himself arrested by disease, and laid aside, and useless there.

And *now* what remains but to abandon the missionary cause? Methinks I hear some unbeliever, or some heartless professor of religion say: "It was folly, it was



madness, it was fighting against God, to persevere."

Not so did they think and feel. They believe still in the promises of God in behalf of the heathen. And, although events were adverse, they refused to despair. "Never for a moment," we hear them saying to their friends at home, "never for a moment has God left us to feel that our first views of the practicability of missions were visionary. To this day do we offer thanks to Him for having brought and continued us here. To this day can we testify that he is good; that he is a faithful covenant-keeping God, who is worthy of the entire trust and confidence of all his creatures."\*

His wife had returned improved in health; and it now became his turn to go in quest of that mercy, while she remained to watch with one other who had joined the mission, the little glimmering lamp which they had lighted amid the gloom of an empire.

And now comes the *fifth* great test of

\* See the Memoir of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, page 138.

constancy. He sailed for the north—for Chittagong—for an absence of three months. The vessel, after long and fruitless struggles against opposing winds, became unmanageable, and made for Hindostan, taking him ocean-wide both from his mission home, and from the shore he sought; and leaving him on the shore of Hindostan, at a point from which he had to travel no less than three hundred miles, *by land*, to reach a city from which he might hope to find a passage home!

There he was, nevertheless, obliged to linger through the slow moving months of almost half a year, before he was able to find the means of conveyance back to Rangoon. And, after all this suffering and loss of time, and an agonizing uncertainty as to the fate of his wife, with the anguish of knowing that if she yet lived she must long since have given him up for lost;—when he returned, he found that, such had been the terrors with which she had been surrounded by the oppressions of government, by the prevalence of that scourge of Asia—the cholera—and by the expectation of approach-

ing war; that his only missionary helper had fled to Bengal; and left his wife, heroic woman, to confront the perils which were pressing for the extinction of the mission, and to breast the shock alone!

The *fifth* woe is past; and what shall the sixth be? Shall we enumerate the death of both the missionaries who had come to his aid? Or was it the cloud of ill portent that settled down on his prospects when, on his application to the emperor for protection, that "*lord of life and death*," after having received from him the frank statement of his object in coming to Burmah, and the honest though perilous avowal of the beginnings of success in the work of conversion, dashed to the ground the splendid volumes of the Bible that he had presented; and dismissed him from his presence?

Of the *effect* of this repulse, and disappointment in a measure on which he had staked all his labors and sufferings for so many years—a measure by which he had drawn the eye of sovereign, absolute, pagan power on him; and had brought down its

frown instead of its protection,—I cannot deny you the benefit of his own recital. He had been accompanied to the “golden city” by two of the three disciples with whose conversion his seven years’ toil and sufferings had been rewarded. And they had waited at the door of the palace for what was to be, to them, the sentence of life or death.

“It was now evening. We had four miles to walk by moonlight. Two of our disciples only followed us. They had pressed as near as they ventured to the door of the hall of audience, and listened to words which sealed the extinction of *their* hopes and *ours*. For some time we spoke not.

“Some natural tears we dropt, but wiped them soon;  
The world was all before us, where to choose  
Our place of rest, and Providence our guide.”

“And, as our first parents took their solitary way, through Eden, hand in hand, so we took our way, through this great city, which, to our late imagination, seemed another Eden; but now, through the magic touch of disappointment, seemed blasted and

withered, as if smitten by the fatal influence of the cherubic sword.

“Arrived at the boat,\* we threw ourselves down, completely exhausted in body and mind. For three days we had walked eight miles a day, the most of the way in the heat of the sun, which, even at this season, in the interior of these countries, is exceedingly oppressive: and the result of our travels and toils has been—the wisest and best possible—a result, which, if we could see the end from the beginning, would call forth our highest praise. O slow of heart to believe and trust in the constant presence and over-ruling agency of our own Almighty Saviour!”

I will not stop here to dwell with you on the strength and sublimity of that faith which could thus behold all its cherished schemes and bright hopes swept as with the blast of a sirocco, and yet maintain its serenity.

But I must hasten to the last and the

\* Their only place of rest and shelter was the craft in which they had made their journey up the river; a boat six feet wide and forty feet long, rowed by ten men.

greatest of those afflictions by which it pleased God to test his love for the heathen ; and to fit him for that career of service which has won for him a name that can never die. I allude to the sufferings he passed through during the British and Burman war.

It is a fearful mystery that a God of infinite wisdom and goodness has, in all ages, called his holiest and most devoted servants to pass through the severest trials. But it is most certainly a part of his plan for conferring the blessings of his grace on the world. The Apostles, one and all, are examples of this. And, indeed, the Saviour himself had no exemption from this fearful law : for “it became him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.”

Those which our missionary endured for a period of nineteen months in the prisons of Burmah, from the hands of men, from the climate, from want, from sickness, from tortures inflicted, and from the heart-harrowing spectacle he had before him in the



condition of his devoted wife, belong to the darkest pages of Christian martyr history.

Conceive, if you can, of the condition of being seized without a moment's warning by a band of men executing the order of an absolute pagan despot, amid the fiendish shouts of an enraged heathen populace, thrown rudely to the earth, bound with cords so tight as to prevent respiration, dragged away from a beloved wife, who must be left exposed to insult, and extortion, and pillage, if not to violence and murder, and agonizing with fear for the fate of her husband.

Follow him into the death-prison where, under three pairs of iron fetters, and fastened to a pole with others, he is thrown upon the ground. Witness the brutal jailers driving his wife from the door of the prison; and denying her all communication with him, except as purchased by submitting to extortions which were taking what little the robberies of the government had left between her and starvation.

Sometimes they forbid him the poor relief of exchanging words of condolence with



his fellow sufferers around him ; sometimes they forbid him food ; sometimes they turn the precious boon of a brief interview with his wife into a cup of bitterness by delaying her admittance to an hour which must compel her to risk her life by a two miles' walk through an unlighted and hostile city, in the darkness of night, to her lonely and unprotected home : and this too, when she was in a situation the most affecting to a husband's heart. And when the hour has come whose anguish is woman's exclusive heritage, he, instead of being near to succor her, is ordered for execution ; and is only saved from the block or the stake by a commutation which consigns him to an inner prison, bound with five pairs of fetters, amid a hundred other sufferers, in a single room which has no ventilation except the crevices in the walls ; and this, at the beginning of the hottest season of the year.

A fever follows, and he is only saved from a release by death, and strengthened for further sufferings, by a removal into better air.

While languishing in this condition, a new officer comes into power, and he is ordered to be offered up as a burnt sacrifice to the god of war. He is stripped of his clothing; bound to another victim; and driven, without covering to head or feet, beneath a blazing sky, at mid-day, with a nearly vertical sun, over a road of gravel and sand, which are like burning coals, and which completely excoriate his feet before he has gone a single mile of the eight to be traveled. Thus he goes, marking his path with his blood, and goaded by his driver to keep pace with the horse of an officer, to another and distant prison. The death of one of his fellow-prisoners from his sufferings by the way, saves him from that coveted relief by consigning him to an ox cart to finish the journey.

Here, in an old and dilapidated prison, he languishes for six months more; having been spared the death by fire, to which he had been doomed, by the downfall of the monster who had ordered the sacrifice. Hither he is followed by that ministering angel without whose succor in his present

condition he must inevitably and speedily have died. She seeks him food; she dresses his wounds; and, by submission to privation and extortion, she sometimes obtains for him some small degree of personal liberty, through appeals to cupidity, where appeals to humanity were vain.

Before, however, he has so far recovered as to be able to walk, he sees *her* sinking under the pressure of her long continued anxiety and fatigue; and, instead of being able to continue her much needed ministries of mercy to him, needing such ministries much more herself.

And what must have been the agony of that grateful and tender-hearted husband, as he beheld her falling a martyr of her devotion to him; and had neither the liberty, nor the strength, nor the means, for alleviating her sufferings?

The heart absolutely sickens at the spectacle of the sorrows with which it pleased an inscrutable Providence to prepare this servant of Jesus for the work and the joy that were before him. And were we not able, as we now are, to look back through

the cloud which then “veiled and darkened his designs,” and to see the joy that *was* before him in the success of the mission; and to see, as we now can see, in his Christian and literary labors, the sure presage of the civilization of an empire; we fear that our confidence in a special Providence would fail us, even as spectators.

As it is, we feel the necessity of betaking ourselves for reassurance to those Scriptures which tell us that afflictions are not accidental; which point us even to a harmless and holy Saviour “put to grief;” and to the apostle’s rejoicing (Col. i. 24,) in his own sufferings, and filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his own flesh, for his body’s sake, which is his church, and exhorting us to “think not strange concerning the fiery trials,” but to “continue in the faith,” while “through much tribulation we enter into the kingdom of God.”

But what must have been the measure of that grace, what the strength of that faith in God, what the patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, what that taking hold of the things which are eternal,—I speak

to you, husbands and fathers—which could stand the trial of seeing a wife, and *such* a wife, after eleven long months of toil and exposure and anxiety *for him*, and that, too, in a situation which *we*, in our homes of comfort find calling forth our tenderest sympathy;—after having a hundred times periled her life to save him from famine; and more than once stayed the axe of the executioner by rushing with pleadings and remonstrance into the presence of despotic power; and after having now followed him, borne on a rude ox-cart, in her maternal weakness, through a tropic sun, to soothe, if she might do no more—to soothe his dying hour;—the trial, I say, of seeing *such* a wife obliged to accept as a charity from the hand of a heathen jailer, a store-room in a wretched hovel for a home, without a solitary article of convenience: without so much as a bed of straw to rest on, without a chair or seat of any kind other than a bamboo floor. And this for six long months hers, and her infant's only home!

And, then, to see her sinking under the power of a disease which has been generated

by exposure and privation, and unable to procure medical attendance or medicines: and, though so weak as hardly to be able to walk, obliged to wend her way back ten miles to their deserted residence at the capital for means of relief; and returning so emaciated that even the natives, who had been the objects of her kindness, burst into tears as they lift her out of the rude cart that has borne her back, and lay her on the little mat of her bamboo floor. And then to see that infant—the only remembrancer and image of that wife that will be left to him—famishing and pleading with its moans for sustenance; and to be able to save it from absolute starvation only by obtaining leave, through presents to his jailers, to come out of prison, and, in his fetters, to take the little emaciated sufferer around the village to beg the means of life from heathen mothers' breasts!

Thus was this servant of God, to all appearance, on the verge of realizing the utter extinction of all his hopes for Burmah; the utter loss of all earthly comforts for himself; and the termination of his own life



by long continued cruelties, if not by the hand of the executioner, or by sacrificial fire.

But that God in whom he had put his trust supported him to a degree that was almost miraculous; and gave him the occasion to say, in the language of his great precursor, (had his modesty allowed him the comparison,) to his anxious brethren at home, from whose view he had been hidden for almost two years: "We would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our troubles which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, in-somuch that we despaired even of life. But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which *raiseth the dead!*"

His own deliverance from the grasp of the power which had consigned him a sacrifice to a heathen altar, was a most marked interposition of that Omnipotent Life-Restorer; and the recovery of his loved ones was scarcely less than a resurrection.

I have mentioned his modesty—a trait



always conspicuous in all he did and said—and it is pertinent to this place to give the few brief lines which comprise his own account of these long months of accumulating sufferings, as one illustration of that Christian grace.

In his letter to the Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Missions, written soon after his escape, he says: “Through the kind interposition of our Heavenly Father, our lives have been preserved, in the most imminent danger from the hand of the executioner; and in repeated instances of most alarming illness, during my protracted imprisonment of one year and seven months; nine months in three pairs of fetters, two months in five, six months in one, and two months a prisoner at large. On the joyful 21st of February last, I took leave, with Mrs. Judson and family, of the scenes of our sufferings—sufferings which, it would seem, have been unavailing to answer any valuable missionary purpose, unless so far as they may have been silently blessed to our spiritual improvement, and capacity for future usefulness. Let me beg your prayers

that it may not be in vain that we have been afflicted." Afflicted! Is that all he has to say of it?

But who would not, on any natural principles have said, "I have endured enough in this missionary enterprise in behalf of this people." What human heart, in its mere natural workings, would not have said, "Turn from them, and leave them to their fate!" Go home! take yourself—take these sufferers—your angelic wife, and your cherub child—and hasten to the bosom of your own country and friends: and, if you *must* preach the gospel, preach it there. The church will justify you; and the world will praise you for having some thought, at the least, for yourself."

But what were *his* feelings? He had scarcely escaped from his prison—he had scarcely looked out upon life—before we find him looking after his scattered disciples; and beginning, in a manner, the world over again, by recommencing his labors on a spot where the arm of tyranny might not reach him.

"It was this consideration chiefly," says

he—and who will not approve his motive for quitting the presence of the throne, though it is now wooing his stay; and who can fail to appreciate the feeling evinced in his utterance as he sat down, for the first time after his release, to write to his distant friends; and looking up, saw the British flag waving over him; and dated his letter, “*British Camp!*”—“It was this consideration (of the cession of territory to the British by the treaty) chiefly, that induced me to embrace the first opportunity of leaving Ava; where the only object I ever had in settling was, to obtain some toleration for the Christian religion,—*a favor which I hope now to enjoy without leave from his golden footed majesty.*”\*

What elasticity—to use no stronger term—what integrity of spirit have we here, after such long continued and crushing pressure! What horrors of the rack would be sufficient to break that spirit which such horrors as we have seen were

\* Letter to Dr. Baldwin, written four days after his release.

unable to subdue? But perhaps they have subdued him, at least so far as to make him willing to accept exemption from the *crosses* of the missionary service, if he may do so without utter sacrifice of his usefulness in it. Perhaps, if he is not ready to quit it in disgust or in despair, he has learned, in his severe privations, at least to value more highly the things which men so generally prize. Privation makes earthly comforts sweet. And if he may not feel at liberty to go home to enjoy them, he may at least deem himself excusable if he accept an easier seat, a softer pillow, a more generous table, an ampler repose, when placed within his reach.

The man who had life enough left in him, after feeling the crushing heel of despotism as he had felt it, to rise and acknowledge his obligation with such a valedictory as we have quoted, certainly had life enough left to respond to the touch and charm of fortune.

If evidence were needed that we scan human nature rightly, it could be drawn from incidents very near him. The last of

those who had made the attempt before him to establish a mission in Burmah, after the trial to which it pleased God to subject him, melted away before the sunshine of royal favor; and was seen on the mission field no more. And one of his own "*fellow prisoners, of note among the apostles, and whose bonds in Christ were manifest in all the palace,*" accepted a refuge from further hardships: content to do what he might in the service of the King of kings, compatible with the easy service of a royal heathen master.

But how was it with Judson? At the close of the negotiations between the contending powers, in which he had been compelled to spend some months as interpreter, he found himself in the possession of some thousands of dollars, as the reward of his services, and as expressions of personal regard. What does he do with it?

In a letter written after he had taken a survey of the wild spot selected as the future capital of the newly ceded territory, and where he was to fix his future home, he says, "the expense of building such mat

houses as our present necessities require is not large: we have expended about three hundred dollars, and have sufficient accommodation for myself and Brother Wade's family, besides a commodious place for the female school. Since the close of the war I have been able, from money paid me by the British government as interpreter, presents lately made me at Ava, and donations to the mission, to pay into,"—to *give* would have been the proper term—"to pay into the fund of the Board above four thousand dollars."

And this, to make the execution of the purpose sure, he transmitted to the agent of the Board at Calcutta.

But not only has he the means of improving his condition *in hand*; but he has, before him, the temptation of a position which will insure him ease, and wealth, and honor, for the remainder of his days.

The British authorities offered him the post of its stated interpreter, with a salary of three thousand dollars a year. But he saw that it would interfere with his missionary labors, and he passed it by. And



he did so with so little of struggle or hesitation, that he seems not to have thought the offer and refusal worth recording. He panted to be at his Master's business; and was ambitious only of "the honor that cometh from God."

As soon as the first engrossing thought and joy at his safety could be expected to make room for any thoughts of the future, we hear him expressing an almost impatient desire to be at his work, with so faint a reference to the temptation before him to an easier path of life, that the world could not have known from it that the lure had fallen in his way.

"I long," says he, in the letter already quoted, "I long for the time when we shall be able to re-erect the standard of the Gospel, and enjoy once more the stated worship of the Lord's house. I feel a strong desire henceforth to know nothing among this people but Jesus Christ and him crucified; and, under an abiding sense of the comparative worthlessness of all worldly things, to avoid every secular occupation, and all literary and scientific pursuits, and



devote the remainder of my days to the simple declaration of the all-precious truths of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ."

But we need not follow his steps any further for illustration of his character. We have seen him in almost all possible conditions of trial: in prosperity, and adversity; in dangers, and in temptations. We have seen the precious metal in the crucible; we have watched the long and painful process by which the great Refiner was fitting it for "*a chosen vessel unto Himself to bear his name before the Gentiles.*" It has stood the fire: the fire of a seven times heated furnace; and has come forth seven times purified *gold*.

He has passed the examination, by his Master, of a candidate for the high honor of a pioneer apostle in his revived commission for the evangelization of the world. He has been subjected to that severe test. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me;" and, "whosoever he be of you that *forsaketh not all that he hath*, he

cannot be my disciple.” *And he has stood it*: “approving himself as a minister of God in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering.” And, in most wonderful coincidence with the experience of his great apostolic exemplar, he could say: “In stripes above measure ; in prisons more frequent ; in deaths oft ; in journeyings often ; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.”

He was called to other sufferings indeed, than these through which we have followed him ; but they were “such as is common to man.” The wife who had shared with him the sacrifice, the dangers, the privations, the labors, by which it pleased God to prepare him for the part he was to act in the regeneration of Burmah, was taken from him before he had fairly entered on his work at Amherst ; and his lovely infant

daughter—the only one then remaining to bear the image of that matchless woman—was taken soon afterwards. And when, after eight years of loneliness, he married again, it was his lot to drink once more of the bitter cup of affliction, in the loss of a second wife; who, like the first, was, both in her relation to him and to the mission, a priceless treasure.

But these trials came in that order of events which embraces the lot, and controls the happiness of all: and they found no grace in him, which trials can reach, that had not been already developed and matured.

He took his new position and began his work therefore, as a man whose heart had been fully prepared for it, if not “thoroughly refined” by sufferings. And he labored at the three great departments of Christian industry to which he had consecrated his life—the religious instruction of the perishing heathen; the translation of the Bible into the Burman tongue; and the collection and definition of the words of that language, in the first dictionary

which the language had known, from the beginning of 1827, to the close of his life : a period of twenty-three years : making, with the preparatory period of trial which we have had under special consideration, more than thirty-eight years devoted to missionary service. He lived to see a large reward for all he had suffered, in the multiplication of converts, and the establishment of churches ; in the complete translation of the word of God ; and in the near completion of one of the fullest and most perfect lexicons possessed by the people of any living tongue. He lived to see the mission expand from one district, and from one country to another ; until it had spread, in Asia, from Burmah to Siam, to China, and to Southern India : until it had embraced 15 stations, 88 outstations, 89 missionaries and assistants, 128 native preachers, 88 schools, instructing nearly 2,000 youth ; upwards of 8,000 native converts ; and an issue of more than *five millions* of pages from the various mission presses in a single year !

In the view we have taken we have seen,

in Adoniram Judson, the following graces of apostleship exhibited in circumstances of trial unsurpassed by those by which it pleased God to put the graces of the convert of Tarsus to the proof. We have seen a *supremacy of love to Christ* that never hesitated or wavered under the test of any suffering or privation. We have seen a *crucifixion to the world*, which rendered utterly powerless the charm of honors and wealth. We have seen a *faith in the promises of God*, with reference to the conversion of the heathen, which nothing could shake. We have seen a *perseverance* which no obstacles could vanquish. We have seen a spirit of *enterprise* adequate to the most gigantic undertaking. We have seen a *love of labor* which the most disabling sickness could not subdue. We have seen a *courage* which no danger could daunt. We have seen an *integrity* which could put everything to hazard rather than the truth. And with all this we have seen a *compassion* for the souls of the heathen, which no cruelties could benumb; and a *modesty* in his estimate of what he did and suffered,

which hardly seemed to regard it as a matter for official report or recital.

We have seen, in short, a Christian of modern times emulating a primitive apostle, through a path of like tests of fidelity and in the discharge of kindred duties. It only remains for us to call on the ministry, on the churches, and on the world of the age to which he belonged, to "mark him," and profit by his EXAMPLE.





THE MORAL LIKENESS OF MEN

CONTEMPLATED

AS A GROUND OF ENCOURAGEMENT

IN

MISSIONARY LABORS.

A N A D D R E S S .

BY REV. ROBERT W. CUSHMAN.



## ADDRESS.\*



CHRISTIANITY was designed for the world. Its founder came a light to the Gentiles, as well as to be the glory of Israel. Although, as to his personal ministry, he was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel, his commission to his disciples, when he had made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness,

\* This article was delivered as an address before the Society for Missionary Inquiry in the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, August 18, 1840. As the present is an important crisis in our missionary operations, and as it is to be feared that a just sense is not entertained of the necessity of vigorous and united efforts to sustain the missionary enterprise, no apology will be needed for publishing the address in its present form. It has been solicited from the author, and is now given to the public, in the hope that its peculiar character and mode of treatment will render it serviceable to the cause of missions at the present juncture.—*Editor of the Christian Review*, 1841.

imposed the obligation to carry the glad tidings to the whole human race.

It is not among the least satisfactory of the evidences of the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, that they harmonize with the real wants of mankind, and are fraught with blessings for every nation, age and clime; and that, too, while the proof is everywhere scattered over their pages, that the people through whom they were given were under the dominion of a spirit of Pharisaism, which would fain have confined the knowledge of Jehovah to themselves, or, at most, would have extended it to those only, of other nations, who should be willing to sue for it at the outer court of their temple. Yet the spirit of the Bible is expansive as the light, and comprehensive as the nature of man. Although the posterity of Abraham were marked for a distinct and peculiar people, it is every where seen that they were under the government of him who was "not the God of the Jews only, but the God of the Gentiles also;" while the whole current of the divine disclosures reflects the wants and the coming blessings

of a world. "The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men. From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth. He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works." And, while he chooses the family of Abraham for his own peculiar inheritance, he determines that "in him all the families of the earth shall be blessed."

The spirit of revelation is thus essentially a spirit of missions. And it is a thought full of refreshing and hope, when we mourn over the ruins of the fall; when the heart sickens at the

"every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled;"

when the plaint of suffering humanity in remotest nations thrills our sensibilities; when the moral wants of those from whom we are distanced by half the circumference of the globe, excite our compassion,—that the spirit within us is so kindred with that by which the prophets were inspired; that the fire which we feel shut up in our bones, is the same heaven-descended element that

kindled in the sacrifices of patriarchal devotion ; illumined and warmed the true worshipers of the temple ; shone forth in the Mediator of the new covenant, on "the land of Zabulon, and the land of Nephthaim, by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles ;" and that, in giving vent to it in missionary enterprise, we are but carrying out the merciful purpose of him who is "the God of the spirits of all flesh."

Assuredly, the spirit which is thus harmonious with that of him "who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish," has not been kindled to shed a flickering, futile light, and then expire. It prompts the prayer, "Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." It rouses those whom it warms, to aspire to be co-workers with God himself, in putting an end to sin ; and, as the word he has given shall not return to him void, so, neither shall the efforts of the company that publish it be in vain.

Not only is there encouragement, how-

ever, for missionary endeavor, in the fact of a coincidence of the missionary spirit with the spirit of the Bible, and the declared purposes of God with respect to the moral renovation of the world, but also in the fact of the natural fitness of the means furnished for effecting that renovation.

It is true, indeed, that when we contemplate the difficulties that lie before us in any undertaking, it should be sufficient encouragement to know it is the will of God it should be done. It should be sufficient, in our weakness, to know that “to them that have no might he increaseth strength;” that whatever he has commanded *can* be and *will* be accomplished; that, though “all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness of man as the flower of the field, yet the word of the Lord shall stand for ever;” and, therefore, “every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;” and that, as to natural fitness of the means, we ought not to despond, if,



in obedience to his command, we were entering the church-yard, to preach the gospel to the tenants of the grave, and to bid the dry bones live.

But it may well add, nevertheless, and greatly add to our encouragement, to discover, amid the apparent impossibilities of our enterprise, some ground for expectation in the natural adaptations and fitness of things ; to discover,—while we are contemplating the magnitude of the work,—while we are looking on the world we are required to raise,—that God has not only promised supernatural power to our arm, but has given us the lever and the fulcrum that are measured to its magnitude ; and the footing—the *Δος μου στῶ\**—on which to stand. We have not only a world of fallen men to raise from the confines of perdition to the neighborhood of heaven, by means of the gospel, but we have a basis in the nature of man for the application of its power.

\* *Δος μου στῶ καὶ τον κοσμον κινήσω.* Give me where I may stand, and I will move the world.—*Archimedes.*

Two things obviously claim the study of those who would bear an efficient part in bringing the world to the obedience of the faith: they must have an understanding of the instrument, and of the object on which it is to act; a knowledge of the gospel, and a knowledge of man. To the office of imparting the former, our Theological Seminaries are specially consecrated; but the means of obtaining the latter are seldom adequately in the student's power. Devoting himself, while young, to his studies, and mingling but seldom with any except those of similar age, pursuits and spirit, he sees and hears but little of the nature to which he belongs, and on which he is to operate, till he is ushered forth into the field of his toil. I cannot, therefore, but regard the existence of a Society among those who are preparing, some for the domestic and some for the foreign work of the ministry, the object of which is to prosecute inquiry into the facilities and the difficulties which are before them, as most auspicious of success; and I meet, with peculiar pleasure, the members of this Insti-

tution this evening, in the capacity of a band of missionary inquirers. I would join your company. I would ascend with you some eminence, from which we may, together, survey the world; and, while we contemplate the almost endless variety of mental character, social habits, and civil and religious institutions, which seem to bid defiance to the simple instrument which we are directed to employ, I would point your attention to a common characteristic, the same through every age and clime, as an excitement to hope and exertion.

Diversified, indeed, is the aspect of the human family; *so* diversified, that not a few have been led to doubt the common origin of the races of which it is composed. In *color*, from the lily blending with the rose, to the deepest ebony. In *form*, from the symmetry of the Circassian and the classic Greek, to the lank and misshapen Australian. In *stature*, from the mammoth of men that stalks among the wilds of Patagonia, to the pigmy Laplander. In *mind*, from the philosopher, whose

“Soul, on curious travel bent, ranges  
Through all the provinces of human thought,  
In each recess of space and time, at home,  
Familiar with their wonders,”

down to the savage, whose arithmetic goes not beyond the number of his fingers. Every nation and tribe has its traits, in which it differs from the rest; and, in some of them, every generation its peculiarities, which distinguish it from the past. And, finally, in *speech*,—that medium of the action of mind on mind,—the hills and valleys of the globe are scarcely more diversified than the languages of those who inhabit them.

Let us look at some of these diversities, as they stand related to the aim of the Christian ministry. And first, let us take a glance at the moral features of our own people. A people ever awake, full of inquiry, and ever eager to improve their condition, one might justly expect, would spontaneously discover the truth, be alive to its purifying influence, and adjust to its requirements the economy of their lives. And certain it is, that if there be a charac-

ter more hopeful than those of the rest of the world, it is the inquisitive, the energetic and enterprising, which belongs to the American people. But alas ! this inquisitiveness, this energy, are engaged and engrossed in other kinds of enterprise than that of seeking the blessings of the life eternal. The master passion of this nation is the lust of gain and power. It rules the poor,—it rules the rich ; and never says, of accumulation, “It is enough.” It rules the ignorant,—it rules the learned ; and lays all learning and science under tribute to personal aggrandizement. The tenant of the humble cottage rises early to eat the bread of carefulness, that he may repose in a more respectable dwelling ; and the tenant of the commodious mansion is struggling upward towards a palace of marble. House is added to house, field is added to field, ship added to ship, and store added to store, without reference to the length of life, or the capacity of enjoyment ; as if time were our eternity, the world our heaven, and mammon our god. Rise ! is the national watchword ; and elevation is sy-

nonymous with felicity. In the eager reaching forth to that which is before, the past is forgotten, and the present disregarded. Precursors are envied; rivals circumvented; and friends and kindred outstripped, abandoned.

Connected with this thirst for improvement of personal condition, and springing from the same cause, *the possession of the power to change*, is an absorbing interest in political affairs. The principle of the sovereignty of the people has brought into being a nation of sovereigns, who, from the palace to the hovel, from the senate-chamber to the workshop, feel that the government of the nation rests upon their shoulders. "Myself and the state" engross the whole thought and feeling; and "God and my neighbor" are left to nations less enlightened and free!

Shall we say, then, to the preacher of the gospel, "Your own 'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone?'" Shall we say to him: Go seek a more hopeful people, in other parts of Christendom? a more congenial soil for the seed of righteousness, in



some foreign clime? Shall we say to him: Abandon the fevered inhabitants of this young republic, for the soberer population of older nations? Cross, then, the Atlantic. Lift up your voice among the nations of Europe. Enter "the cities whose antiquity is of ancient days; whose merchants are princes; whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." Invite the British merchant to purchase your goodly pearls; the capitalist to buy your "gold tried in the fire." Call the attention of titled beauty, arrayed with its "precious stones and pearls, fine linen and purple, silk and scarlet," to the white raiment of a Saviour's righteousness. Pass over, and bid the savans of France a welcome to the wisdom which is from above; and her pleasure-loving people, to the "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Point the Switzer, as he feeds his flocks amid the crags of the Alps, and plants his scanty seed beneath the beetling ice-cliff, to "the better land." Tell the Russian noble the blessings of becoming Christ's servant; and the Russian serf, that the Son of God offers him free-



dom. Bid the Italian lazaroni to the gospel feast; and entreat the haughty Spaniard to learn of him who was meek and lowly. Tell the heirs of royalty to cast their crowns before the King of kings; and invite their marshaled legions to enlist under "the Captain of salvation."

And is your enterprise more hopeful there? no discouragements to contend with? no obstacles to surmount? Alas! although, by changing your hemisphere, you find yourself away from the feverish spirit of your own young land, and surrounded by men so greatly differing in language, manners, and habits of thought and feeling, you yet find they were born, and are living, no nearer heaven, while unrenewed, than those you left at home. If the eye is not directed, with engrossing expectation, to the future, it is still bent to earth. And, more than all, you find a "*form* of godliness," bedizened with the trappings of worldly grandeur, wedded in adulterous union to the civil power, protected by the sword, and, red with the blood of martyrs, frowning from her hoary fortress on free-

dom of action and of thought, and compelling the devotions of the people at her own regally-appointed altar.

Leaving the pale of Christendom, the diversities of character multiply before you; but the habits, manners and institutions by which the nations are distinguished, appear like so many bulwarks of defence against the approach of the gospel. Yonder, where the tidings of peace were once published by the lips of apostles, sits, in dreamy indolence, the turbaned worshiper of Mohammed, holding, indeed, the cardinal truth of the divine unity, but "strong in faith" of the absurdities of the Koran, and looking for an eternity of sensual delight to succeed a life of sensual indulgence. Seated amid the ruins of art, industry and enterprise, he fancies himself the predestined heir of paradise, and the appointed lord and tyrant of earth. With his wives in his harem, and his slaves around him,—with his cimeter in his hand, the spoils of ruined provinces at his feet, and the crescent waving above him, in token of his expectation that the religion of the Koran is to become

the religion of the world,—how faint the hope appears, that the gospel which teaches to “deny ungodliness, and worldly lusts,” and look for “a heaven wherein dwelleth righteousness,” will ever bring him an humble disciple to the Saviour’s feet!

Passing on to regions more remote, still new diversities appear. In the dim distance of the East, the Chinese empire, with its minor peculiarities of tribe and clan, presents a character so broadly diverse from all we have yet seen, that if its distinction from the rest of mankind were elevation above them, it might well be called “the celestial.” A population sufficiently numerous, of itself, to people a globe; with a pride of antiquity which looks on all other nations as in a comparative infancy; whose arts and manners, having, in their own estimation, been perfected for hundreds of centuries, have been stereotyped, that they may admit of no change; a people with a language so different from the other languages of the earth, that it seems to have been devised rather to defy than invite intercourse with the rest of mankind.

Turning the eye from China to Japan, and the nations of Southern Asia, diversity still increases as the view extends. The nations of the Indies are emphatically nations of worshipers; every valley, and mountain, and river side, is studded with temples. Shall we pass by, and behold their devotions? Shall we listen to the confession of their faith? Shall we follow them home, and observe their practice? Their god is gilded marble; their sacrifice, a child's or a parent's blood! their faith, a doomed inhabitation of some brute or reptile; and their hope, annihilation! their practice, devoutly licentious,—habitually dishonest,—religiously cruel. Before we bring them under the power of the gospel, we must learn to speak in languages which bear no affinity to our own, and to impart the knowledge of the “true God and eternal life,” of Christ and his ordinances, to people all whose religious terms are associated with the polluting ceremonies of idolatry. We must deliver woman from slavery; break the fetters of caste; dissolve the spell of the Brahmin. We must arouse

the Hindoo from the torpors of tropical indolence ; draw the Karen from the worship of devils ; and, alas ! make the Japanese forget the name of Christian.

And what do we behold in Africa ? Tribes, not only without God, but too degraded and ignorant even for a systematic idolatry ; whose spirit within them is sunk too low even for the ferocity of the savage ; and from whose very forms the lineaments of humanity seem vanishing.

In short, the diversity existing among the inhabitants of the earth is all but endless ; and we do not wonder that those, who confine their attention to the surface of things, should regard the project of bringing them all under a common influence,—of leading them all to the knowledge, and love, and obedience, of the same God ; to trust in the same Lord, embrace the same faith, and submit to the same baptism ; to love each other as brethren, and to look for a common salvation,—as wild and chimerical.

Yet, amid all this variety, there is a common nature. They are the offspring of

the same Creator, who "hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on the face of all the earth;" and, in all their wanderings, in all their changes of civilized or savage life, the attributes which gave to man his rank,—which made him what he was, in the scale of being, when the first parent beheld, in his first-born child, his own likeness,—still remain. The laconic speech of the savage, when, stained with the blood of a treacherous and exterminating war, he was led, a prisoner, into the presence of the President of the United States, was as true as it was lofty: "*I am a man, and you are another!*" Yes, the Indian, though he contends with the wolf for his meat, and slakes his thirst with the blood of his foe, is a MAN! and the most refined and enlightened chief of the mightiest nation on earth is nothing more. Nothing has been more common, in all ages, than for men to misjudge each other. Every nation and tribe, while sufficiently ready to accredit itself with whatever is ornamental in human nature, has evinced a proneness to deny its existence in others; and es-



pecially in those with whom it has either never come into contact, or only in a way of collision. It was this propensity which, among the ancient inhabitants of Italy, peopled the island of Sicily with a race of Cyclops; and which, in more recent times, in the people of England, branded the French as "*natural* enemies." A better acquaintance with his neighbor, however, convinced the Italian that the Sicilian had the same number of eyes with himself; and has shown the Briton that a Frenchman can love.

The distinguishing character of man, as he is connected with this world, is, that he possesses a rational and moral nature. And, however modified his existence may be by civilization or the want of it, by knowledge or the want of it, by religion or the want of it, he possesses the attributes which belong to his nature: attention, memory, reflection, comparison, abstraction, generalization; a perception of beauty and fitness; a consciousness of difference between right and wrong; the power of indefinite improvement; and the capacity for joy and



sorrow, hope and fear, gratitude and love. And as these are constituent elements of his nature, *as man*, they belong to all, however imperfect their development, however stunted their growth, however feeble their action.

With respect to his intellectual faculties, however, our topic does not lead us to speak. It is indeed the possession of these, stamped with the seal of immortality, that renders him worthy the effort which Christianity makes for his renovation. It is in virtue of these, that the gospel is applicable to him. But we speak of his moral faculties,—we speak of the affections of the heart; and we affirm, that these affections exist in all men, and that no barbarism, no tyranny, no superstition, has been able to obliterate them. However chilled and torpid, there is life; and Christian benevolence can wake it.

Permit us to relieve your attention with the recital of some of the proofs which have been furnished of the truth of this position. You are acquainted with the story of William Penn, and the early settlement of

Pennsylvania. While our Puritan fathers in New England thought it necessary to guard their homes with fortress and fire-lock against surprise by tomahawk and scalping-knife, he, attentive to the representations of his Bible, presumed the existence of a human heart beneath a savage exterior, and threw himself, unarmed, with all the destinies of his colony, into their midst. He went amongst them personally, and mingled freely with them. He ate with them of their parched corn and hominy. He walked with them, and sat with them on the ground, and smoked their pipe of peace ; and so affected were they by the spirit of kindness they saw in him, that the stern warriors literally leaped, like children, with the emotions of delight. He entered into treaty with them for the purchase of a part of their lands, and a joint possession of the remainder. On the day appointed, an innumerable multitude of the Indians were seen, with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving in vast swarms in the depth of the woods which then covered the site of Philadelphia, towards the

bank of the Delaware, to the shade of a prodigious elm-tree, the appointed place of rendezvous.

On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends, unarmed, without banners, mace or guard, having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, advanced to meet them. As soon as he drew near the spot where the Sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of the Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn that the nations were ready to hear him. He began: "The Great Spirit, who made us and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the inmost thoughts of man, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow-creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our

object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We are met on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will, so that no advantage is to be taken on either side; but all is to be openness, brotherhood and love. We will not call you children, or brothers only; for, often, parents are apt to whip their children too severely; and brothers sometimes will differ. Neither will I compare the friendship between myself and you to a chain; for the rain may sometimes rust it, or a tree may fall and break it. But I shall consider you as the same flesh and blood with the Christians."

He then presented the parchment to the chief Sachem, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he should remain to repeat it. The Indians, in return for these proofs of confidence, justice and kindness, pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn, and his children, so long as the sun and moon should endure. And, for more

than seventy years,—so long as the just and humane policy of the founder controlled the colony,—they never violated their pledge.\*

Depravity has probably never done more to blot out from a people everything human, than it has done in the inhabitants of New Zealand. War, from time immemorial, has been their work, their pastime; and when a motive of revenge was wanting, cannibalism,—a hunger and thirst for human flesh and blood, that most inhuman of all inhumanities,—impelled them to the destruction of each other. And, so inveterate was the habit of murder, that the sight of blood, or the possession of an implement of death, awakened, as in the tiger, the thirst to kill and devour. From such a race, pity herself might have turned away in disgust, and faith in the possibility of renovation, given place to despair.

Yet, even there, the mother weeps over the grave of her offspring; even there, childhood has its heart of love and glee;

\* Edinburgh Review of Clarkson's Life of William Penn. Vol. 21, pp. 458-460.

even there, the ties of kindred bind hearts together in sympathy, and long-severed friends rush into each others' arms and weep for joy. And even there, the stranger and foreigner, who could show that he had a heart to love and trust them, and who went among them on an errand of peace, has slept in safety in the midst of their war-camps.

A destructive war, which had begun in the capture and burning of a British ship and the murder of her crew, had been carried on for many years between the people of the Bay of Islands and those of Whangarooa, when Mr. Marsden, who had just arrived on the island, but of whose kind feeling towards them they had had evidence through one of the chiefs who had known him in New South Wales, determined to interpose his endeavors for the restoration of peace. He accordingly visited their camps, introduced the subject of putting an end to all hostilities, and had the satisfaction to hear them declare that they were ready for peace, and wished to fight no more. Having been so kindly received.



and so successful in the object of his mission, he determined to pass the night among them. He took his evening meal in the camp of the one party, and went to spend the night in the camp of the other. He sat down among the chiefs, and their people, and waited the approach of the hour for sleep.

“As the evening advanced,” he observes, “the people began to retire to rest in different groups. About eleven o’clock, Mr. Nicholas and I wrapped ourselves up in our great coats, and prepared for rest also. The chief directed me to lie by his side, The night was clear, and the stars shone bright, and the sea in our front was smooth. Around us were numerous spears stuck up in the ground ; and groups of natives were lying in all directions upon the grass.

“I viewed our present situation with sensations and feelings that I cannot express. Surrounded by cannibals who had massacred and devoured my countrymen, I wondered much at the mysteries of Providence, how these things could be. I did not sleep much : my mind was too seriously



occupied by the present scene, and by the new and strange ideas which it naturally excited."

Well might he be filled with new and strange emotions in circumstances so peculiar and untried. But although he felt called on to acknowledge his obligation to a superintending Providence for his safety beneath the wing of the cannibal chieftain; yet he did not feel obliged to refer that safety to a supernatural interposition of it: for although, as to the ferocity of spirit and the love of blood of those around him, he might well have compared his situation to that of the prophet Daniel among the lions; he had proceeded on his adventurous experiment in the belief that there had been given to the savage, as there was to the lion of the prophet's vision, "the heart of a man."

We have referred to the degradation of Africa. Low, however, as her tribes have sunk in ignorance and wretchedness, the African has still left him a heart to feel and suffer like other men. And when Christian philanthropy shall wake to redress his

wrongs, and he sees that his long night of woe is breaking before "the day-spring from on high," she will find that he has a heart to rejoice.

One of the most revolting and hopeless tribes of all that continent, was the Boschemen; a people among the barrens in the region of Zak river, in South-Eastern Africa.

Says Mr. Kicherer, whose account of them we quote from the Origin and History of Missions: "They have no idea of a Supreme Being: and, consequently, they practise no kind of worship. They have a superstitious reverence, however, for an insect known by the name of the *creeping leaf*; a sight of which they consider as an indication of something fortunate; and, to kill it, they suppose will bring a curse upon the perpetrator.

"They have also some notion of an evil spirit, which occasions diseases and other mischief; and, to counteract his evil purposes, a certain description of men are appointed to blow with a humming noise over the sick, for hours together.

“Their mode of life is extremely wretched and disgusting. Utter strangers to cleanliness, they never wash their flesh, but delight in smearing their bodies with the fat of animals. They form their huts by digging a hole in the ground, about three feet deep, and thatching it over with reeds; which are not, however, impervious to the rain. Here they lie close to each other, like pigs in a sty; and they are so extremely indolent, that they will remain for days together without food, rather than take the pains to procure it. When constrained by extreme hunger, to go out in quest of provisions, they evince much dexterity in destroying the various animals with which their country abounds: but if they do not happen to procure any of these, they live upon snakes, mice, and almost anything they can find. The men have several wives; but conjugal affection is little known, and they are total strangers to domestic happiness. They take little care of their children; and, when they correct them, they almost kill them by their severity. In fact, they will destroy their offspring on a

variety of occasions, as when they are in want of food; or when an infant happens to be ill shaped; or when the father has forsaken the mother. In either of these cases, they will strangle them, or cast them away in the desert. There are even instances of parents throwing their tender offspring to the hungry lion. In general, the children cease to be the object of maternal care as soon as they are able to crawl in the field. They go out every morning; and when they return in the evening, a little milk, or a piece of meat, and an old sheep-skin to lie on, are all they have to expect. The Boschemen frequently forsake their aged relatives, when removing from place to place for the sake of hunting. In this case, they leave the old person with a piece of meat and an ostrich egg-shell full of water. As soon as this little stock is exhausted, the poor, devoted creature must perish by hunger, or become a prey to wild beasts."

We have here a people who seem to have nothing that belongs to humanity left them; who appear to have been born "without

natural affection ;” and whose tender mercies are cruel.

Perhaps, of those who have perused this description, there may be some who have been accustomed to look on the missionary enterprise as the offspring of fanaticism, and who are now prepared to ask with triumph, if the spirit of missions has ever so inspired any sober man as to nerve him to make the *endeavor*, or to awaken in him the *hope*, for *their* reformation? We answer, Yes; *both*. And do you ask the result? Enough of the beginning can be told to show that God “hath fashioned their hearts” like those of other men; enough to encourage the prayers and the efforts of Christians; but the *result* must be learned from the song in heaven.

Soon after the arrival of the missionaries at the place of their destination, on the Zak river, they were visited by a party of Boschemen who were anxious to understand the object of their settlement. At first, they feared some design against their liberty or their lives. As a proof of their mistrust, it is stated, in the “Missionary

Transactions," that Mr. Kicherer the missionary, hoping to conciliate the affections of these wild men, invited a number of them to partake of a little repast which he had provided. Having cut up a large cake, he presented a piece to each of them; but not an individual ventured to taste it. Suspecting that they were apprehensive of poison, he took of it himself, and ate before them. He then stated that he had called them together to assure them of his friendship, and to inform them that there was a Saviour, called the bread of life, of whom Hottentots as well as others might freely partake. Their suspicions were removed, and the missionary's token of love was received by every individual, with evident satisfaction. From this time, the number of Boschemen who visited the missionaries increased; and they proceeded with their work of explaining to those perishing creatures the grace of the Lord Jesus.

When they were first told of a God, and of the resurrection of the dead, they knew not how to express their astonishment in terms sufficiently strong, that they should



have remained such a length of time without one idea of the Creator and Preserver of all things. Some of the people now began to pray, with apparent earnestness, and with the most affecting simplicity. "O Lord Jesus Christ," they would say, "thou hast made the sun, the moon, the hills, the rivers, and the bushes; therefore thou hast the power of changing my heart. O be pleased to make it entirely new!"

Some of them said, that the sorrow which they felt on account of their sins prevented them from sleeping, and constrained them to rise and pour out their souls in supplication before the Lord; and they declared, that even in their hunting expeditions, they sometimes felt an irresistible impulse to prostrate themselves before the throne of grace, and to pray for a renewed heart.\*

We have spoken of the obstacles which a systematic idolatry has thrown in the way of the gospel, in the East. We readily grant they are many and powerful. Not only are the basest passions bribed into a

\* Smith and Choules's Orig. and Hist. Miss., Vol. I., p. 420.

support of their religions, by being fed with the sacrifices of their devotion, but a darkened judgment and a bewildered conscience take part against us. But, after all, are the theoretical and systematic idolatries of Asia more powerful than were those of Europe? Is Siva a greater god than Mars? Is Brahma mightier than Jupiter? If sensuality makes part of the service of the Asiatic altar, let it be remembered that Venus was often the deity of the European temple. If the theory and system of error have woven the web of thought for the Asiatic, and converted his language into a veil to shut out the light, let it be remembered that such was the magic influence of the idolatry of Greece, that it maintained its empire over the reason and conscience, when civilization and science had shed their broadest beams over her land, and had made the Grecian mind a prodigy of intellectual power.

When the apostle proclaimed in her cities the truth of "The unknown God," he found their inhabitants sufficiently ready, indeed, to hear; but they were seeking a new phi-

losophy. He told them of him who is omnipresent and unchangeable,—the “One who inhabiteth eternity;” but they thought of Fate. He told them of heaven; but their imagination wandered among the heroes of Elysium. He told them of prophecy; but they were thinking of auguries. He told them of the divinity of Jesus; and he found them preparing for him a place in the Pantheon! But, when he told them of the resurrection of the dead, he announced a truth which had no counterpart in their mythology, and which, therefore, they could not misunderstand. But it accorded neither with their religion nor their philosophy, and they turned away in scorn. Yet the gospel triumphed in Greece. Truth triumphed over error,—holiness over sin. The altars of Venus were forsaken; Mars ceased to be invoked on the field of battle; and Jupiter fell from heaven. Christ *was* enthroned in the Pantheon; but he reigned ALONE!

We are aware, it may be said, that the miraculous gifts, with which the first preachers of the gospel were endowed, gave

to Christianity, in its origin, an advantage which it does not now possess. So far as the facility of a rapid diffusion of the truth, an exemption from error in its statement, and a conviction of the attendance of an extra-human power are concerned, the observation is true. But let it be remembered that among idolaters the power of performing miracles was misunderstood. The healing of a cripple at Lystra was readily referred to superhuman agency. But notwithstanding the people had just been listening to the gospel from the lips of an apostle, "when they saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying, in the speech of Lycaonia, The gods are come down to us, in the likeness of men. And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius." And with the most earnest remonstrances, and the most solemn protestations of the apostles, that they were men of like passions with themselves, "they scarce restrained the people that they had not done sacrifice unto them." The faith of the Gentile came rather by *hearing* the word of God than by a *sight* of his power.

Christianity, then, has still, essentially, the same powers for conflict with "the vanities of the Gentiles," which it ever had; and, what it did in Europe, it can do in Asia. The records of missionary labor abundantly show that it has the same nature to work on there, which it had in Greece and Italy, in Gaul and Britain. Deep debasement there is: ignorance and indolence, pride, pollution, and cruelty. But though idolatry has held its reign of terror over the conscience, and its reign of darkness over the understanding, for almost forty centuries, it has not yet been able to crush out from its victims the life of the heart. Humanity suffers and bleeds at every pore: but she has not expired. Faint and bewildered as she is, she can yet recognize the look of kindness; and feel the reviving touch of tenderness and mercy: and whenever she has beheld Christianity in her own pure robe approaching, and could see the signet of "peace and goodwill" on her brow, and the oil and wine of the good Samaritan in her hand, she has hailed her deliverer welcome. The genu-

ine spirit of Christianity, exemplified in the piety and zeal of Xavier, won the listening ear of thousands, on the coast of Cormorin, in Ceylon, in Cochin, the Molucca islands, and Japan, to the voice of instruction; and the mere semblance of it, in the intriguing later Jesuits, conquered the monarch of the Chinese empire. Those fruits of the Christian spirit,—integrity and love of man,—never drew from the hearts of any people in Christendom a richer tribute of affection and confidence than, in the person of Swartz, they drew from the idolaters of the coast of Coromandel. Such was the high and universal estimation in which that man of God was held, that a military officer assures us that the knowledge and integrity of this irreproachable missionary retrieved the character of Europeans from the imputation of general depravity. And even Hyder Ali, though a fierce Mohammedan usurper, while negotiating a treaty, was heard to say, “Send me Swartz; send me the Christian missionary; for him only can I trust!”

The effect of these virtues manifested in



the lives of our own missionaries, upon the people and the authorities of Burmah, is too familiar to your minds to require more than allusion here. The graves of a Boardman and of a Mrs. Judson are often bedewed with the tears of affection from eyes which have not yet learned to follow them up to their rest in heaven.

But sufficient has perhaps been said of Pagan nations. Our range of observation will not be fully retraced, however, till we have sought the existence of the same moral elements amid the apostasies which have usurped the seat of primitive Christianity. When we read the book of the Koran, which contains the faith of the Mohammedan; and then turn to the book of history which has recorded his practice, and see how emphatically the religion of the Turk, the Persian and the Arab is a religion of sensuality and blood; and then turn to the Apocalypse, and read the prophetic description of that apostasy as covering the earth with an army of locusts from the bottomless pit, with tails of scorpions, and lions' teeth, *appointed to devour*; we confess we

could almost forgive the Christian missionary, if his courage proved unequal to the work of calling them to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

But the labors of the devoted Martyn, and of the equally devoted but eccentric Wolff, have shown that the Christian missionary may with safety commend the religion of his Master to Mohammedans, by precept, if he will take sufficient care to commend it by example. The proofs to this point, which are scattered through the journals of the latter, are so numerous, that we feel at a loss among them for selection. When we have given you a specimen, however, of the fearless faithfulness, combined with an open and affectionate manner, which he displayed; and then tell you that he entered into argument with Dervishes and Mullahs, with princes, and with pilgrims of the Mohammedan faith, and traveled unharmed in Egypt, in Abyssinia, in Asia Minor, in Armenia, in Persia, in Khorassaun, Toorkestaun, Bokhara, Cabool, Cashmere, and Arabia, though sometimes in peril from robbers and fanatics,—

with the former of whom, strange enough to say, he found safety by an appeal to the principle of reverence, and with the latter to the principle of fear;—you will begin to suspect that if we have not accredited the nations of the crescent with too much of what belongs to the scorpion-locust, we have accorded to them too little of what belongs to man.

The Khans of Khorassaun are hereditary chieftains, nominally subject to the Schah of Persia; governing each his own territory, and having the power of life and death over their subjects, and, like the ancient feudal lords of Europe, often bitter enemies to their sovereign and to each other. It was in traveling through the territories of these Mohammedan chiefs, that the following scene and conversation occurred. Mr. Wolff having arrived in a desert place, was unable to induce the Musulman, in whose company and under whose guidance he had engaged to travel from Teheraun to Herat, to return him the money with which he had entrusted him; and was obliged to go to Burjund, a town in which

no Englishman had ever been, under the government of a Khan of the name and title of Asaad Ullah Khan to whom he had a letter of introduction. The Khan took no notice of his letter. The camel-drivers who had taken him thither, having been refused a present, probably because he had none to give, reported him and his servant as having been in the service of Abbas Mirza, and as having run away with twelve thousand tomauns. Upon the strength of this representation, Mr. Wolff was sent for, after he had left the town, and overtaken by two soldiers, and brought back to the town a prisoner. "On the 29th of October," he observes, "I was called before Asaad Ullah Khan. The fort in which he resided, was filled with rough and uncultivated people of Belujestan, soldiers of Khorassaun, and Persians. Entering the dark room, I saw Asaad Ullah Khan upon the floor. Around him were seated Mohammed Resa Khan, and several Mullahs." The Mullahs are the priests of the Mohammeden faith. Asaad Ullah Khan asked him to sit down near him and Abd Resa Khan.

*Asaad.* What is your profession?

*Mr. W.* (Lifting up his Bible.) This is my profession: the proclamation of the Bible and the Gospel among the Jews, and to converse with all nations about God.

*Abd Resa Khan.* With what kind of denominations have you conversed?

*Mr. W.* With Mohammedan Mullahs, at Sheeras, Ispahan, Erivan, Oormia, and other places; with the Jews of the Turkish and Persian empires; with Yeseedes, Guebres and Ali Ullahe.

*Abd Resa Khan.* Are the Guebres in the right?

*Mr. W.* No.

*Abd Resa Khan.* Now say the truth, are *we* in the right?

*Mr. W.* I consider those only in the right who believe in the Bible and the Gospel.

*Asaad Ullah Khan.* Why do you not believe in Mohammed?

*Mr. W.* According to the Gospel, none can be as great as Jesus was.

*Asaad Ullah Khan.* Is Mohammed not predicted in your books?

*Mr. W.* He is predicted as the chastiser

of evil-doers : in his time Christians were fallen into idolatry, and God therefore sent Mohammed to chastise them.

*Mohammed Ullah Khan.* Was he no prophet?

*Mr. W.* No.

*Abd Resa Khan.* Read me some parts of the Gospel. Mr. W. read and translated the fifth chapter of Matthew. "Read me some parts of the books of Moses." He read and translated the fifteenth chapter of Exodus.

They then asked him to write down what he had translated : instead of doing that he gave them Arabic Bibles, and Arabic and Persian Testaments.

He retired : and instead of being condemned as a refugee and robber ; instead of suffering as an unbeliever ; instead of being required to save his life by abjuring his religion ; he received, four days afterwards, a request from the two Khans and the chief Mullah of the Court that he would send them a list of the prophecies respecting the coming of Christ, and the appearance of Antichrist !



But time forbids a further detail; nor is it necessary. If we find evidence, amid all the deformity and ruin which sin has effected, that it has still left what may constitute a creature, *man*,—if it has still left a consciousness of a difference between right and wrong, if it has still left the power to recognize integrity and confide in it, and if it has still left a capability of being moved and won by kindness, even in the most debased tribes of Africa, in the sensual and blood-thirsty worshipers of the Arabian impostor, in “the dark idolater” of the East, and in the unschooled savage of our own primitive wilds; it cannot be necessary to detain you with proof that the corruptions of Christianity which have pervaded Europe, have still left a basis on which a pure Christianity may be reared by missionary labor and love.

Here, then, we take our stand, and light the torch of hope; here we would kindle the fire of zeal and enterprise for the church of God. With all the diversities of civilized and barbarous and savage life, with all the gradations of intellect, with all the

extremes in morals, with all the peculiarities of mental association, with all the varieties of taste and habits of life, from the palace of European refinement to the Kraal of the Hottentot, human nature is every where essentially the same. In every clime, in every condition, it is sadly broken, defaced and polluted. In some, indeed, it appears much more so than in others ; but amid its most shattered ruins we discover a capability of restoration. The elements are there ; and the gospel, entering their chaos, may work a new creation of more than primitive dignity, beauty and glory.

The moral likeness of men affords encouragement to missionary labor, by allowing us *to assume* the existence of a basis for action in every class, of every clime, and *to prejudge its form and character*. So that if the work of evangelizing the world were now to be begun, if no experiment had yet tested the power of the gospel on foreign or on savage mind, yet the knowledge of the fact that God "hath fashioned their hearts alike," that they remain essentially alike amid all the changes that have passed

in their condition, should inspire us with confidence of success; and the conversion of a single soul to God, from any one class whatever, should be taken as a pledge of the triumph of the gospel over the whole.

The missionary may go to the remotest clime, where nature has put on an aspect most diverse from what she wears in his native land; he may pitch his tent among those who burrow with the hyena and the jackal, whose feasts are human flesh and blood, or the vulture's tainted prey, whose gods are reptiles or devils, whose rites of worship are directed by rage, revenge and lust, and the victims of whose altars are their parents or their children,—and there singling out the most revolting object among them, he may be assured that beneath his naked leathern breast there beats a heart, where hope, and fear, and joy, and sorrow flow, and which, though choked by pollution, and chilled and frozen, it may be, by long-practised cruelties, can be made to give forth a stream of love.

The view we have taken may serve too, to *guide* missionary effort. It shows us

the existence of common characteristics in the midst of an almost endless diversity of appearances. It is no wonder that philosophy and legislation have been appalled, as they have walked around the wide circumference of human character, and beheld the variety and force of the torrents that were bursting up and sweeping over the face of human society. It is no wonder that, in the attempt to stop one and to purify another, they have had so little success. If we were obliged to find a system of instrumentalities, and adjust them to these endless diversities, we might well despair. But God has taught us to disregard these diversities of the surface as but the accidents of human nature. He has taught us that the issues of life are out of the heart, and that the central source is the same in all. To that source, then, must the missionary advance, in simple reliance on God's own testimony concerning its nature and susceptibilities. Its existence and character he must assume; and, alike undeceived by the blandishments of polished life, and undismayed by savage ferocity, and undis-

couraged by pagan blindness, he must seek access to the heart. And, if he bears an open breast that shows his own glowing with the desire of peace on earth, and with good-will to man, he may be assured he will find it.

The knowledge most important for the successful prosecution of his work, then, after the knowledge of Christ and him crucified, is the knowledge of human nature in the deep fountain of all its action,—the *heart*. He may learn the manners, customs and habits of the people to whom he would bear the tidings of salvation; he should do so; they form the moral geography of the land into which he wishes to enter. It may serve to point out the readiest avenue to the seat of empire; and it will impress him with the great need there is of subduing and giving new law to the territory. But, if he does not study human nature in its grand, universal characteristics,—if he does not rightly understand what belongs to man, *as man*,—if he does not adventure an approach to the heart, assuming the existence, in all, not only of that

which constitutes its *need*, but of that which constitutes its *susceptibility*, his knowledge will be of little avail. “*To the heart*,” then, should be his motto ; to win and open the heart should be his aim. And when that citadel is thrown open to himself, he may hope for its surrender to God.

He must not, indeed, forget his dependence on the divine blessing for the success of his embassy. It has not been given to him to *change* the heart : though he may win its affection, a higher power than his must make it new. Yet let him remember, for his encouragement, that God has given the heathen to his Son for his inheritance ; and that the word which he preaches is the appointed instrument for their salvation : that it has already proved mighty through God to the pulling down of some of the strongest holds that sin has ever reared ; and that, though he may not possess the powers of an apostle, success is “not by might, nor by power” of man, but by the Spirit of the Lord. And, more than all, let him remember the promise appended to his commission : “Preach the



gospel to every creature:—*Lo, I am with you !*”

We may not close without adverting to the encouragement which the view we have taken presents to those of you who anticipate a ministry among our own people. You will not fulfill your commission if you preach to those only whose characters have been formed under the influence of early religious culture; and who come to listen to you, within the walls of your churches. Thousands and tens of thousands of our people have forsaken the sanctuary; have broken through the restraints of the Sabbath; and stand before you with the forbidding aspect of open rejecters of the authority of God. They have counted the blood of Calvary as a common thing, and have trodden it under foot. The thunders of Sinai they have defied: and have laughed, and reveled, and slept beneath them all. You may be tempted, as you see them “set their mouth against the heavens,” to suppose that all your attempts for their conversion would be both useless, and perilous; and may be ready to shrink from

the only means they have left you, of bringing them into subjection to the authority of Christ,—direct personal contact. Yet fear them not, they are but men: and they are no less. Approach them: not with the air of challenge to combat; not with a demand of deference for your office; not with professions of saintliness; not with menace; but with the open, trusting heart of a friend bent on an act of kindness. Let it be manifest that you love them. Bring your own heart, warm with the pure charities of the gospel, into contact with theirs: and, though all other methods of subduing may fail, you may hope for the blessing of success on this. The prophet's staff was laid upon the dead in vain; and affection mourned the spirit as beyond recall: but when the man of God brought "mouth to mouth, and eye to eye, and hand to hand," and his heart went out in prayer, the flesh grew warm with the prophet's own vitality; and the dead was brought to life.

THE END.







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